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THE FAIRIES' KNOWE.

"WHEN the dew is on the moorland, and the
moon is on the hill,
When the castle gates are closing, and the
hum of life is still,
When they draw the heavy curtains in the
stately oriel room,
And the lamps in muffled lustre, glimmer
ghostly through the gloom,
Will you meet me,
Come to meet me,
Gliding by the tall yew hedges, gliding by the
river's flow;
Will you come to meet me, darling, at the
Fairies' Knowe?"

"But my father loves my singing, as the harp-
sichord I touch,
And he needs me, just to listen to the lore he
loves so much;
Reading in the grim old folio, opened when
the lamps are lit,
And I hide away my yawning as we linger over
it!
Can I meet you,
Come to meet you,
When such kindly eyes are watching by the
fir-logs' ruddy glow;
Can I leave my warm home shelter for the
Fairies' Knowe?"

"But the music of your whisper is the melody
I prize,
And no page has half the wisdom that is
written in your eyes;
Let the chords for once lie idle, close for once
the old dead line,
Life and love have richer meanings waiting for
your glance and mine;
If you'll meet me,
Only meet me,
Where no jealous guard can follow, where no
spying footsteps go,
If you'll come to meet me, darling, at the
Fairies' Knowe."

"But my nurse has often told me evil spirits
haunt that spot,
Ghosts of some remembered horror, that they
hint, but utter not;
And that black misfortune hovers brooding in
the sullen air,
And no maiden ever prospers that has held a
trysting there;
Dare I meet you,
Come to meet you,
When they warn me of the magic that has
twined around me so,
When I feel some danger lurking at the Fairies'
Knowe?"

But he lured her with his whisper, and he
soothed her fears to rest,
And he kissed the blue eyes hidden, laughing,
weeping on his breast,

And she stole, the old man's darling, through
the postern in the night,
While the screech-owl hooted o'er her, and the
ban-dog wailed her flight;
Stole to meet him,
Once to meet him!
But the darkened home that missed her saw
the seasons come and go,
Yet never found the flower that left them for
the Fairies' Knowe.

Soon the vaults that held his sires, opened yet
again for him,
The father whose fair child forsook him as his
light burnt low and dim;
And a dark and passionate story gathered
slowly round her name,
Till it grew a note of warning, blent with sor-
row and with shame;
And men whispered,
Shrank and whispered,
How, at midnight, shuddering watchers hear a
sound of wailing low,
As of fear and late repentance, sobbing round
the Fairies' Knowe.

All The Year Round.

IN LIFE'S LATE SPRING.

AYE, God has given me length of days,
An eye to see, a heart to feel;
The sunshine lies on pleasant ways,
And when spring comes, around me steal
Soft airs with breath of opening flowers,
As sweet, as soft as in past hours.

The skies grow pale, light lingers long
On all the awakening earth, the sea
Forgets its late tumultuous song,
Buds swell on waiting bush and tree,
The robin seeks his ancient home,
Blithely content no more to roam.

Once sprang my soul, like bird in air,
When tuneful heralds from afar,
Full of delightful promise rare,
Passed outward through the gates ajar,
And spread o'er hill and field delight
From their own swift and joyous flight.

Rejoice who may — there are some hearts
So desolate and sore oppressed
That naught unclouded joy imparts;
That ask not bliss, but only rest.
O Spring! be merciful to such,
And solace by thy healing touch.

April, 1883.

H. J. L.
Transcript.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

IN MEMORIAM.

As it is painful to speak of a friend when the sense of loss is still fresh and keen, so it is perhaps unwise, because the public is apt to suppose that words used at such a time are the expression rather of affection and regret than of deliberate judgment, and to refer them to the category of epitaphs and funeral orations. Nevertheless this is a risk which he must be content to take who, perceiving how quickly, in a society like ours, the waters close over a vanished life, fears to let slip the first opportunity of commemorating, however briefly and inadequately, gifts which deserve to be held in admiring remembrance. There must be many among those who read Mr. Green's "Short History of the English People" who would willingly hear something more about him than was contained in the newspapers which announced his death in March last, from one who knew him well, but who desires to speak of him quite dispassionately.

John Richard Green was born in Oxford on December 12th, 1837, and educated first at Magdalen College School, and afterwards, for a short time, at a private tutor's. He was a singularly quick and bright boy, and at sixteen obtained by competition a scholarship at Jesus College, Oxford, where he entered on residence in 1856. The members of that college were in those days almost entirely Welshmen, and thereby much cut off from the rest of the university. They had few social relations with other colleges, so that a man might have a high reputation for ability in his own society and remain unknown to the larger world of Oxford. It so happened with Green. Though his few college friends had the highest estimates of his powers, they had so little intercourse with other colleges, either socially by way of breakfasts or wine-parties, or at the university debating society, or in athletic sports, that he remained unknown even to those among his contemporaries who were interested in the same things, and would have most

enjoyed his acquaintance. The only eminent person who seems to have appreciated and influenced him was the late Dean of Westminster, then professor of ecclesiastical history and canon of Christ Church. Green had attended his lectures, and Stanley, whose kindly interest in young men never failed, was struck by him, and had some share in turning his studies into a historical direction. He graduated in 1860, not having gone in for honors, partly, perhaps, because he had not received from the then tutors of the college the recognition to which he was entitled.

In 1860 he was ordained, and became curate in London at St. Barnabas, King's Square, whence, after two years' experience, and one or two temporary engagements, including the sole charge of a parish in Hoxton, he was appointed in 1865 to the incumbency of St. Philip's, Stepney, a district church in one of the poorest parts of London, where the vicar's income was ill-proportioned to the claims which the needs of his parishioners made upon him. Here he worked with great zeal and assiduity for about three years, gaining an insight into the condition and needs of the poor—a view of the realities of life—which scholars and historians seldom obtain. He learned, in fact, to know men, and the real forces that sway them; and he used to say in later life that he was conscious how much this had helped him in historical writing. Gibbon, as every one knows, made a similar remark about his experience as a captain in the Hampshire militia.

He threw the whole force of his nature into the parish schools, spending some time in every day in them; he visited incessantly; and he took a particularly active part in the movement for regulating and controlling private charity which led to the formation of the Charity Organization Society. An outbreak of cholera and period of serious distress among the poor occurred during his incumbency, a period which drew some earnest workers from other parts of London to give their help to the clergy of the East End. Edward Denison, who is affectionately remembered by many who knew him in Oxford

and London,* chose Green's parish to work in, and the two friends confirmed one another in their crusade against indiscriminate and demoralizing charity. It was at this time that Green, who spent pretty nearly all his income as vicar upon the parish, found himself obliged, for the sake of his work there, to earn some money otherwise, and began to write for the *Saturday Review*. The addition of this labor to the daily fatigues of his parish duties told on his health, which had always been delicate, and made him willingly accept from Archbishop Tait, who had early marked and learned to value his abilities, the post of librarian at Lambeth. He quitted Stepney, and never took any other clerical work.

Although physical weakness was one of the causes which compelled this step, there was also another. He had been brought up in Tractarian views, and was at one time (so, at least, I have heard), when a boy, on the point of entering the Church of Rome. This tendency passed off, and before he went to St. Philip's, he had become a Broad Churchman, and was much influenced by the writings of Mr. F. D. Maurice, whom he knew and used frequently to meet, and whose pure and noble character, even more perhaps than his preaching, had profoundly impressed him. However, his restlessly active mind did not stop long there. The same movement which had carried him away from Tractarianism made him feel less and less at home in the ministry of the Church of England, and must have led him, even had his health been stronger, to withdraw from clerical duties. After a few years he ceased to be addressed by his friends under the usual clerical prefix; but he continued to interest himself in ecclesiastical affairs, and always retained a warm affection for the Established Church.

On leaving Stepney he went to live in lodgings in Beaumont Street, Marylebone, and divided his time between Lambeth and literary work. He now during several years wrote a good deal for the *Saturday Review*, and his articles were among the best, perhaps the very best,

which then appeared in that organ. The most valuable of them were reviews of historical books and descriptions from the historical point of view of cities or remarkable places, especially English and French towns. Some of these are masterpieces, and well deserve to be collected and republished. Other articles were on social, or what may be called occasional, topics, and attracted much notice at the time from their gaiety and lightness of touch. Politics he never touched, nor was he in the ordinary sense of the word a journalist, for with the exception of these social articles, his work was all done in his own historical field, and done with as much care and pains as others would bestow on the composition of a book. Upon this subject I may quote the words of one of his oldest and most intimate friends who knew all he did in those days, and who conceives that it was a mistake to describe him, as some newspapers did in referring to his death, as a journalist:—

The real history of this writing for the *Saturday Review* has much personal, pathetic, and literary interest.

It was when he was vicar of St. Philip's, Stepney, that he wrote the most. The income of the place was, I think, 300*l.* a year, and the poverty of the parish was very great. Mr. Green spent every penny of this income on the parish. And he wrote—in order to live, and often when he was wearied out with the work of the day and late into the night—two, and often three, articles a week for the *Saturday Review*. It was less of a strain to him than it would have been to many others, because he wrote with such speed, and because his capacity for rapidly throwing his subject into form, and his memory were so remarkable. But it was a severe strain, nevertheless, for one who, at the time, had in him the beginnings of the disease of which he died.

I was staying with him once for two days, and the first night he said to me, "I have three articles to write for the *Saturday Review*, and they must all be done in thirty-six hours." "What are they?" I said; "and how have you found time to think of them?" "Well," he answered, "one is on a volume of Freeman's 'Norman Conquest,' another is a 'light middle,' and the last on the history of a small town in England; and I have worked them all into form as I was walking to-day about the parish

* Green has spoken of him in an article entitled "A Brother of the Poor," published in his "Stray Studies."

and in London." One of these studies was finished before two o'clock in the morning, and while I talked to him; the other two were done the next day. It is not uncommon to reach such speed, but it is very uncommon to combine this speed with literary excellence of composition, and with permanent and careful knowledge. The historical reviews were of use to, and gratefully acknowledged by, his brother historians, and frequently extended, in two or three numbers of the *Saturday Review*, to the length of an article in a magazine. I used to think them masterpieces of reviewing, and their one fault was the fault which was then frequent in that review — over-vehemence in slaughtering its foes. Such reviewing cannot be fairly described as journalism. It was an historical scholar speaking to scholars. I do not call it journalism when Mr. Gardiner writes an article on his own subject in the *Academy*.

Another class of articles written by Mr. Green were articles on towns in England, France, or Italy. I do not know whether it was he or Mr. Freeman who introduced this custom of bringing into a short space the historical aspect of a single town or of a famous building, and showing how the town or the building recorded its own history, and how it was linked to general history, but Mr. Green, at least, began it very early in his articles on Oxford. At any rate, it was his habit, at this time, whenever he travelled in England, France, or Italy, to make a study of any town he visited.

Articles of this kind — and he had them by fifties in his head — formed the second line of what has been called his journalism. I should prefer to call them contributions to history. They are totally different in quality from ordinary journalism. They are short historical essays.

As his duties at Lambeth made no great demands on his time, he was now able to devote himself more steadily to historical work. His first impulse in that direction seems, as I have said, to have been received from Dean Stanley at Oxford. His next came from Mr. E. A. Freeman, who had listened to, and been much struck by, a paper of his at the meeting of a local archaeological society (at Wellington in Somersetshire), and who became from that time his warm and steadfast friend. Green was a born historian, and would have been eminent without any help except that of books. But he was wise enough to know

the value of personal counsel and direction, and generous enough to be heartily grateful for what he received. He did not belong in any special sense to what has been called Mr. Freeman's school, differing widely from that distinguished writer in many of his views, and still more in style and manner. But he learned an immense deal from Mr. Freeman, and he delighted to acknowledge his debt. He learned among other things, the value of accuracy, the way to handle original authorities, the interpretation of architecture, and he received, during many years of intimate intercourse, the constant sympathy and encouragement of a friend whose affection was never blind to faults, while his admiration was never clouded by jealousy. It was his good fortune to win the regard and receive the advice of another illustrious historian, Dr. Stubbs, who has expressed in language perhaps more measured, but not less emphatic than Mr. Freeman's, his sense of Green's services to English history. These two he used to call his masters; but no one who has read him and them needs to be told that his was one of those strong and rich intelligences which, in becoming more perfect by the study of others, loses nothing of its originality.

His first continuous studies had lain among the Angevin kings, and the notebooks still exist in which he had accumulated materials for their history. However, the book was never written, for when the state of his lungs (which forced him to spend the winter of 1870-71 at San Remo) had begun to alarm his friends, they urged him to throw himself at once into some book likely to touch the world more than a minute account of so remote a period could do. Accordingly he began, and in two or three years, his winters abroad interrupting work a good deal, he completed the "Short History of the English People. When a good deal of it had gone through the press, he felt, and his friends agreed with him, that the style of the earlier chapters was too much in the eager, quick, sketchy, "point-making" manner of his *Saturday Review* articles, "and did not possess" (says the friend I have already quoted) "enough historical

dignity for a work which was to take in the whole history of England. It was then, being convinced of this, that he cancelled a great deal of what had been stereotyped, and re-wrote it, re-creating, with his passionate facility, his whole style." In order to finish it, he gave up the *Saturday Review* altogether, though he could ill spare what his writing there brought him in. It is seldom that one finds such swiftness and ease in composition as his, united to so much fastidiousness. He went on remoulding and revising till his friends insisted that the book should be published anyhow, and published it accordingly was, in 1874. Feeling that his time here might be short, for he was often laid up and disabled even by a catarrh, he was the readier to yield.

The success of the "Short History" was rapid and overwhelming. Everybody read it. It was philosophical enough for scholars, and popular enough for school-boys. No historical book since Macaulay's has made its way so fast, or been read with so much avidity. And Green was under disadvantages which his great predecessor escaped from. Macaulay's name was famous before his "History" appeared, and Macaulay's scale was so large that he could enliven his pages with a multitude of anecdotes and personal details. Green was known only to a small circle of friends, having written nothing under his own signature except one or two papers in magazines or the transactions of archæological societies; and the plan of his book, which dealt with the whole fourteen centuries of English national life in eight hundred and twenty pages, obliged him to deal with facts in the mass, and touch lightly and briefly on personal traits. A summary is of all kinds of writing that which it is hardest to make interesting, because one must speak in general terms, one must pack facts tightly together, one must be content to give those facts without the delicacies of light and shade, the subtler tints of color. Yet such was his skill, both literary and historical, that his outlines gave more pleasure and instruction than other people's finished pictures.

The success of the book put him at once in easier circumstances, and he soon afterwards removed to pleasanter lodgings in Connaught Street, Hyde Park, where he remained for two years. It also won for him a recognition in the world which brightened his life. The University of Edinburgh, more prompt and generous than his own, conferred on him the

honorary degree of LL.D., and the committee of the Athenæum Club exercised in his favor their power of electing eminent men to be members of the club without ballot, while Jesus College conferred on him an honorary fellowship.

In 1876 he took, for the only time in his life, except when he had supported a working man's candidate for the Tower Hamlets at the general election of 1868, an active part in practical politics. In the early part of that winter, when war seemed impending between Russia and Turkey, fears were entertained that England might undertake the defence of Turkey, and a body called the Eastern Question Association was formed to organize opposition to what was supposed to be the warlike policy of Lord Beaconsfield's ministry. Green threw himself warmly into the movement, was chosen to serve on the executive committee of the association, and was one of a literary sub-committee of five (which included also Mr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. William Morris) appointed to draw up the manifesto convoking the meeting of delegates from all parts of the country, which was held in December, 1876, under the title of the Eastern Question Conference. He continued to attend the general committee until, after the treaty of Berlin, it ceased to meet, and took the keenest interest in its proceedings. But his weak health and frequent winter absences made public appearances impossible to him.

The next year, 1877, brought the chief happiness of his life, for it was then that he married Miss Alice Stopford, daughter of the late Archdeacon Stopford.

The reception of the "Short History" induced his publishers to collect and issue a selection from his anonymous articles under the title of "Stray Studies." It preserved some excellent work, and would doubtless have had a more complete success if its contents had been less miscellaneous. And about the same time he began to edit his series of primers in literature and history, a delicate task, which he discharged with great tact; and soon after he wrote, in conjunction with his wife, a book on the geography of the British Isles.

A more laborious undertaking was the re-casting of his "Short History" in the form of a somewhat larger book, which, under the title of "A History of the English People," appeared in four octavo volumes between 1878 and 1880. This revised edition of the early work profited by the care which he spent, not only in

correcting the minor errors of the latter, but in reconsidering the views and conclusions which had been there expressed, sometimes too broadly or too hastily. Thus the book gained in accuracy and solidity. It remains the latest and completest exposition of his ideas. But many readers thought that in being revised it was so toned down as to lose some part of its freshness and vivacity; and it does not seem likely to supplant the "Short History" in popular favor. In 1880 the concluding volume of this larger history appeared, and with characteristic activity he immediately set about a new project. He had always been intensely interested in the *origines* of English history, the settlement of the Teutonic invaders in Britain, the consolidation of their tribes into a nation with characteristic institutions and a settled order; and his desire to treat of them was possibly stimulated by the way in which some critics had sought to disparage his "Short History" as a mere popularizing of other people's ideas; brilliant work, these critics said, but still second-hand work, and affording no evidence of original power. Unjust the criticism certainly was, for there was abundant originality in the views set forth in the "Short History;" but it made his friends urge him to an enterprise where he would have to deal with original authorities only, and be forced to put forth those powers of criticism and construction which they knew him to possess. Thus he began afresh at the very beginning, at Roman Britain and the English Conquest. The work had not advanced far when he went to spend the winter in Egypt, and there unhappily caught an illness which so told on his weak frame that he was only just able to return to London in April, and would not have reached it at all but for the care and skill with which he was tended by his wife. Good nursing, and the extraordinary recuperative power which his constitution possessed, brought him so far round that in a few weeks he was able to resume his studies, though now forbidden to give to them more than two or three hours a day. However, what he could not do alone he did with and through his wife, who consulted the authorities for him, examined into obscure points, and wrote to his dictation. In this way, during the summer and autumn months of 1881, when often some slight change of weather would throw him back and make work impossible for days or weeks, the book was prepared, which he published in February,

1882, under the title of "The Making of England." Even in those few months it was incessantly rewritten; no less than ten copies were, I believe, made of the first chapter. It was received in the warmest way by the highest authorities. But he was himself far from satisfied with it on the literary side, thinking that a reader would find it at once too speculative and too dry, deficient in the details needed to make the life of primitive England real and instructive. If this had been so, it would have been due to no failing in his skill, but to the scantiness of the materials available for the first few centuries of our national history. But he felt it so strongly that he was often disposed to recur to his idea of writing a history of the last seventy or eighty years, and was only induced by the encouragement of a few friends to pursue the narrative which, in the "Making of England," he had carried down to the reign of Egbert. The winter of 1881 was spent at Mentone, and the following summer in London. He continued very weak, and sometimes unable to go out driving—he never walked now—or to work at home for weeks together. But the moment that an access of strength returned, the notebooks were brought out, and he was again busy going through what his wife's industry had tabulated, and dictating for an hour or two till fatigue forced him to desist. Those who saw him during that summer were amazed, not only at this brave spirit which refused to yield to physical feebleness, but at the brightness and clearness of his intellect, which was not only as forcible as it had ever been before, but as much interested in whatever passed in the world. Those who came to see him were inclined to leave forthwith when they saw how he sat propped up with cushions on the sofa, his tiny frame worn to mere skin and bone, his voice interrupted by frequent fits of coughing; but when they had stayed for a little, all was forgotten in the fascination of his talk, and they were in danger of remaining till the effort, not of thinking but of speech, had exhausted him.

In October, when he returned to Mentone, the tale of our early history had been completed, and was in type down to the death of Earl Godwine in A.D. 1052. He had hesitated as to the point at which the book should end, but finally decided to carry it down to A.D. 1085, the date of the dispersion of the last great Scandinavian armament which threatened England. As the book dealt with both the Danish and

Norman invasions, he proposed to call it "The Conquest of England," and it is to be shortly published, wanting, indeed, those expansions in several places which he had meant to give it, but still such a work as none but he could have produced, full of new light, and equal in the parts which have been fully handled to the best work of his earlier years.

Soon after he returned to Mentone he became rapidly worse, and unfit to do any continuous work, or even to quit the house, except to sit in the garden during an hour or two of morning sunshine. There I saw him in the end of December, keen and active in mind as ever, aware that the most he himself could hope for was to live long enough to complete his "Conquest," but reading with avidity every new book that came to him from England — the last, which he began only a week or two before his death, was the "Life of Lord Lawrence" — starting schemes for various historical books sufficient to fill three lifetimes, and ranging in talk over the whole field of politics, literature, and history. It seemed as if the intellect and will which strove to remain in life till their work was done, were the only things which held the weak and wasted body together. The quenchless ardor of his spirit prolonged life amid the signs of death. In January there came a new attack, and in February another unexpected rally. On the 2nd of March he remarked that it was no use fighting longer, and on Wednesday, the 7th, he expired, at the age of forty-six.

Incomplete as his life seems, maimed and saddened by the sense of powers which ill health would not suffer to produce their due results, it was not an unhappy one, for he had that immense power of enjoyment which so often belongs to a vivacious intelligence. He delighted in books, in travel, in his friends' company, in the constant changes and movements of the world. Society never dulled his taste for these things, nor was his spirit, except for passing moments, darkened by the shadows which to others seemed to lie so thick around his path. He enjoyed, though he never boasted of it, the fame his books have won, and the splendid sense of creative power. And the last six years of his life were brightened by the society and affection of one who entered into all his tastes and pursuits with the most perfect sympathy, and enabled him, by her industry and vigor, to prosecute labors which physical weakness must otherwise have checked before

the best of all his work had been accomplished.

I would willingly linger over those incidents of his life and characteristics of his mind which endeared him to his friends; but it is better to proceed to that which the public knows him by, and endeavor to present some sort of estimate of his gifts for history, and the place to which his historical work is entitled. He had powers which would have made him eminent in many walks of life, just as he had a brilliance in talk which shone out over the room whatever might be the topic that came up. History was, however, the subject towards which the whole current of his intellect set, and it was interesting to notice how everything fell with him into history; how he inevitably looked at it as an historian would.

Now what are the capacities which the historian specially needs? Firstly, he must be accurate, and so fond of the true fact as to be willing to spend much time and pains in tracing it out even when it seems to others comparatively trivial. Secondly, he must be keenly observant, that is to say, he must be able to fasten on small points, and discover in isolated data the basis for some generalization, or the illustration of some principle. Thirdly, he must have a sound and calm judgment, which will subject both his own and other people's inferences and generalizations to a searching review, and weigh in delicate scales their validity. These two last mentioned qualifications taken together make up what one calls the critical faculty; the power of dealing with evidence as tending to establish or discredit facts, and those conclusions which are built on the grouping of facts. Acuteness alone is not enough, though men often speak of it as if it were the main thing needed. Nor is the judicial balance alone enough, though etymologically the critic is the judicially-minded person. We all know people sharp in observation and fertile in suggestion, whose conclusions have little value, because they cannot distinguish between strong and weak arguments, just as we know solid and well-balanced minds who never enlighten a subject because, while seeing the errors of others, they cannot seize on the positive significance of facts known, but hitherto unscrutinized. The true critic, in history, in philosophy, in literature, in psychology, even largely in the sciences of nature, is he whose judgment goes hand in hand with his observation, as the heat of the electric current is evolved

where its light kindles. Fourthly, the historian must have imagination, not indeed with that intensity which makes the poet, else his realizations of the unseen may carry him too far above the earth, but in sufficient measure to let him feel the men of other times and countries to be living and real like ourselves, to present to him a large and crowded picture of a distant world as a world moving struggling, hoping, fearing, enjoying, believing, like the world of to-day—a world in which there is a private life infinitely vaster, more complex, more interesting than that public life which is sometimes all that the records of the past have transmitted to us. Our imaginative historian may or may not be able to reconstruct that private life for us. If he can, he will. If the data are too scanty, he will wisely forbear. Yet he will still feel that those whose movements on the public stage he chronicles and judges, had their private life, and were steeped in an environment of natural and human influences which must have affected them at every turn; and he will so describe them as to make us feel them human, and give life to the pallid figures of far-off warriors and law-givers. To these four, some will think there ought to be added the faculty of literary exposition. But one who possesses in large measure the last three, or even the last alone, cannot fail to interest his readers; and what more does a talent for literary exposition mean?

Taking these four, we shall find that historians fall into two classes, according as there predominates in them the critical or the imaginative faculty. I am far from saying that any one can attain greatness without both: still they may be present in very unequal degrees. Some will investigate facts and their relations with more care, and will occupy themselves chiefly with that side of history in which positive and tangible conclusions are (from the comparative abundance of data) most easily reached—that, namely, which relates to constitutional and diplomatic matters. Others will be drawn towards the dramatic and personal elements in history, primarily as they appear in the lives of famous individual men, secondarily as they are seen, more dimly but not less impressively, in groups and masses of men, and in a nation at large, and will also observe and dwell upon incidents of private life or features of social and religious custom, which the student of stately politics passes by.

As Coleridge divided thinkers into two

classes and took Plato as the type of one, Aristotle of the other, so one might take as representatives of these two tendencies among historians Thucydides for the critical and philosophical, Herodotus for the imaginative and picturesque. The former does not indeed want a sense of the dramatic grandeur of a situation; his narrative of the Athenian expedition against Syracuse, to take the most obvious example, is like a piece of *Æschylus* in prose. The latter is by no means without a philosophical view of things, nor without a critical instinct, although his generalizations are rudimentary and his critical apparatus is imperfect. Each is so splendid because each is wide, with all the great gifts largely, although not equally, developed.

Green was an historian of the Herodotean type. He possessed, as I shall attempt to show, the capacities which belong to the other type also; he was diligent, critical, sceptical, perhaps too sceptical, and he was eminently philosophical. Yet, the imaginative quality was the leading and distinctive quality in his mind and writing. An ordinary reader, if asked what was the main impression given by the "Short History of the English People," would answer that it was the impression of picturesqueness and vividity—picturesqueness in the externals of the life described, vividity in that life itself.

I remember to have once, in talking with Green about Greek history, told him how I had heard a distinguished scholar, in discussing the ancient historians, disparage Herodotus and declare him unworthy to be placed near Thucydides. Green answered, almost with indignation, that to say such a thing showed that this eminent scholar could have little feeling for history. "Great as Thucydides is," he said, "Herodotus is far greater, or at any rate far more precious. His view was so much wider." I forget the rest of the conversation, but what he meant was that Herodotus, to whom everything in the world was interesting, and who has told us something about every country he visited or heard of, had a more fruitful conception of history than his Athenian successor, who practically confined himself to politics in the narrower sense of the term, and that even the wisdom of the latter is not so valuable to us as the miscellaneous budget of information which Herodotus pours out about everything in the primitive world.

This was thoroughly characteristic of

himself. Everything was interesting to him because his imagination laid hold of everything. When he travelled, nothing escaped his quick eye, perpetually ranging over the aspects of places and society. When he went out to dinner, he noted every person present, and could tell you afterwards something about them. He had a theory, so to speak, about each of them, and indeed about every one with whom he had ever exchanged a dozen words. When he read the newspaper, he seemed to squeeze all the juice out of it in a few minutes. Nor was it merely the large events that fixed his mind: he drew from stray notices of minor current matters evidence of principles or tendencies which escaped other people's eyes. You never left him without having a flood of new light poured over the questions of the hour. His memory was retentive, but it was not so remarkable as the sustained keenness of apprehension with which he read, and which made him fasten upon everything in a book or in talk which was significant, which could be made the basis for an illustration of some theory. This is what I mean by calling him Herodotean. Nothing was too small nor too apparently remote from the main studies of his life to escape him or be without interest for him. His imagination vitalized it, and gave it immediately its place in those pictures he was always sketching out.

As this faculty of discerning hidden meanings and relations was one index and consequence of his imaginative power, so another was found in that artistic gift to which I have just referred. To give literary form to everything was a necessity of his intellect. He could not tell an anecdote or repeat a conversation without unconsciously dramatizing it, putting into people's mouths better phrases than they would have themselves employed, and giving a finer point to the moral which the incident expressed. Verbal accuracy sometimes was impaired, but the inner truth came out the more fully.

Though he wrote very fast, and in the most familiar way, the style of his letters was as good, I might say as finished, as that of his books. Every one of them had a beginning, middle, and end. The ideas were developed in an apt and graceful order, the sentences could all be construed, the words were choice. It was of course the same with the short articles which he at one time used to write for the *Saturday Review*. They are little essays, worthy to live not only for the excellent

matter they contain, but for the delicate refinement of their form. Yet they were all written swiftly, and sometimes in the midst of physical weakness and exhaustion. The friend I have previously quoted describes the genesis of one. He reached the town of Troyes early one morning with two friends, and immediately started off to explore it, darting hither and thither through the streets like a dog trying to find a scent. In two hours the examination was complete. They lunched together, took the train on to Basel, got there late and went off to bed. Green, however, wrote before he slept, and brought down to breakfast with him next morning an article on Troyes, in which its characteristic features were brought out and connected with its fortunes and those of the counts of Champagne during some centuries, an article which was really a history in miniature. Then they went out together to look at Basel, and being asked some question about that city he gave on the spur of the moment a sketch of its growth and character equally vivid and equally systematic, grouping all he had to say round two or three leading theories. Yet he had never been in either place before, and had not made a special study of either. He could apparently have done the same for any other town in France or the Rhineland.

One other result of his imagination must be mentioned — the extreme quickness of his sympathy. It had served him well in his work among the East End poor. It made him an immense favorite with young people, in whose tastes and pursuits he was always ready to be interested. It enabled him to pour life and feeling into the figures of a bygone age, and become the most human, and in so far the most real and touching, of all who have dealt with English history. Whether or not his portraits are always true, they are always lifelike. They seem to breathe.

There was perhaps nothing that struck one so much in daily intercourse with Green as this passionate interest of his in human life. One may divide people — people (that is to say) who are pronounced enough to be classifiable at all — into those whose primary interests are in nature and what relates to nature, and those whose primary interests are in and for man. He was the most striking type I have known of the latter class, not merely because his human interests were so strong, but also because they excluded, to a degree singular in such an active and

strenuous mind, interests in purely natural things. He did not seem to care for or seek to know any of the sciences of nature except in so far as they bore upon man's life, were capable of explaining it or of serving it. He had a wonderfully keen eye for country, for the direction and character of hills, the position and influence of rivers, forests, and marshes, of changes in the line of land and sea. Readers of "The Making of England" will recall the picture of the physical aspects of England as the Teutonic invaders found it, as an unrivalled piece of reconstructive description. So on a battle-field or in an historical town, his perception of the features of the ground or the site was swift and unerring. He perceived and enjoyed natural beauty. But his perception and his enjoyment must always have reference to human life. The study of the battle-field and the town site were aids to the comprehension of historical events. The exquisite landscape was exquisite, because it was associated with people dwelling there, with the processes of their political growth, with their social usages, or their ideas. I remember to have had from him years ago the most vivid descriptions of the towns of the Riviera and of Capri, where he used to pass the winter, but he never touched on anything which did not illustrate or intertwine itself with the life of the people, leaving one quite uninformed on matters purely physical. Facts about the height or steepness of the mountains, the relation of their ranges to one another, or their geological structure, or the trees and flowers of their upper regions, the prospects their summits command, the scenes of beauty in their wild glens, or beside their wood-embossed lakes — all, in fact, which the mountain lover delights in, and which are to him a part of the mountain ardor, of the passion for pure nature unsullied by the presence of man, — all this was cold to him. But as soon as a touch of human life fell like a sunbeam across the landscape, all became warm and lovable.

It was the same with art. With his delight in the creative ages and their work, his delicate perception of merit in every department, he had a great fondness for painting and sculpture, and used to describe what he saw in the galleries and churches of Italy with extraordinary power. But here too it was the human element that fascinated him. Technical merits, though of course he observed them, for he observed everything, were

forgotten; he dwelt only on what the picture expressed or revealed. And for this reason pure landscape painting gave him comparatively little pleasure.

It seems a truism to say that a historian ought to care for all that bears upon man in the past or in the present. But there are really very few who have cared as he did, for there are few who have taken so wide a view of the historian's functions, and have so distinctly set before them as their object the comprehension, and realization, and description of the whole field of bygone human life. The past was all present to him in this sense, that he saw and felt in it not only those large events which annalists or state papers have recorded, but the every-day life of the people, their ideas, their habits, their external surroundings. And the present was always past to him in this sense, that in spite of his strong political feelings, he looked at it with the eye of a philosophical observer, he disengaged leading principles from details, permanent tendencies from passing outbursts. This great complex mass of moral and physical forces playing round us, and driving us hither and thither by such a strange and intricate interlacement of movements that we seem to perceive no more than what is next us, and are unable to say whither we are tending, this roaring loom of time, as Goethe calls it, was always before his mind, whose keen and steady gaze tried to follow every flash of the shuttle, and to discover a direction and a relation amidst apparent confusion. His imagination visualized, so to speak, the phenomena as in a picture; his speculative faculty harmonized them under laws, measured them, and sought to forecast their effects. Hence it was a necessity to him to know what the world was doing. The first thing he did every day, whatever other pressure there might be on him, was to read the daily newspaper. The last thing that he ceased to read, when his remaining life began to be counted by hours, was the daily newspaper. Closely as he followed and sympathized with the fortunes of his friends, his interest in the world was warmer still. This is the keynote of his "History of the English People." It is the whole nation that is ever present to him, as it had been present before to no other historian.

Such power of imagination and sympathy as I have endeavored to describe is enough to make a brilliant writer, yet not necessarily a great historian. One must see how far the other qualifications, accu-

racy, acuteness, judgment, are also possessed.

His accuracy has been much disputed. When the first burst of applause that welcomed the "Short History" had subsided, several critics began to attack it on the score of minor errors. They pointed out a number of statements of fact which were doubtful, and others which were incorrect, and spread in some quarters the impression that he was on the whole a careless and untrustworthy writer. I do not deny that there are in the first editions of the "Short History" some assertions made more positively than the evidence warrants, but this often arises from the summary method of treatment. A writer who compresses the whole history of England into eight hundred pages of small octavo, making his narrative not a bare narrative but a picture full of color and incident, but incident which, for brevity's sake, must often be given by allusion, cannot be always interrupting the current of the story to indicate doubts or quote authorities for every statement in which there may be an element of conjecture; and it is probable that in some instances when the authorities are examined their result will appear different from that which the author has given them. On this head the "Short History," if not perfect, is open to no grave censure. Of mistakes, strictly so called — *i.e.* statements demonstrably incorrect and therefore ascribable to haste or carelessness — there are enough to make a considerable show under the hands of a hostile critic, yet not more than any one who has read a good deal of history will be prepared to expect. The book falls far short of the accuracy of Bishop Thirlwall or Ranke, short even of the accuracy of Gibbon or Carlyle; but it is not much below the standard of Mr. Grote's care, it is up to that of Macaulay or Robertson, and decidedly above Dean Milman or David Hume. I take famous names, and could easily put a better face on the matter by choosing for comparison contemporary writers whose literary eminence is higher than their historical. And Green's mistakes, although as I admit pretty numerous, were (for they have been corrected in later editions) nearly all in very small matters. He puts an event in one year which happened in the preceding December; he calls a man John whose name was William. These are mistakes to the eye of a civil service examiner, but they seldom make any difference to the general reader, for they do not affect the doctrines and pictures which the book

contains, and which give it its permanent value as well as its literary charm. Still they are a blemish, and it is pleasant to be able to add that his later and more detailed work, "The Making of England," though it contains plenty of debatable matter, as in the paucity of authentic data any such book must do, has been charged with very few misstatements in matters of fact.

In considering his critical gift, it is well to distinguish those two elements of acute perception and sober judgment which were specified a few pages back, for he possessed the former in much larger measure than the latter. The same activity of mind which made him notice everything while travelling or moving in society, played incessantly upon the data of his historical works, and supplied him with endless theories as to the meaning of a statement, the source it came from, the way it had been transmitted, the conditions under which it was made. No one could be more keen and penetrating in what the Germans call *Quellenforschung* — the collection, and investigation, and testing of the sources of history — nor could any one be more painstaking. His inaccuracies did not arise from an indolence that left any stone unturned, but rather from an occupation with the idea which sometimes drew his attention away from the details of time and place. The ingenuity with which he built up theories was as admirable as the literary skill with which he stated them. People whom that skill fascinated sometimes fancied that it was all style. But the style was the least part of it. The bright facility in theorizing, the power of grouping facts under new aspects, the skill in gathering and sifting evidence were fully as remarkable as those artistic qualities which expressed themselves in the paragraphs and sentences and phrases. What danger there was arose from this facility. His mind was so fertile and so imaginative, could see so much in a theory and apply it so dexterously, that his judgment sometimes suffered. It was dazzled by the brilliance of his invention. I do not think he loved his theories specially because they were his own, for he often modified or abandoned them, and he was always ready to give an eager attention to any one else's suggestions. But he had a passion for light, and when a new view seemed to him to explain things previously dark, he found it hard to acquiesce in uncertainty or patiently to suspend his judgment. Some of his theories he him-

self dropped. Some others he probably would have dropped, as the authorities he respected have not embraced them. Others have made their way into general acceptance, and will become still more useful as future inquirers work them out. But it may safely be said of his theories, that whether right or wrong, they were always instructive. Every one of them is based upon some facts, whose importance had not been so fully seen before, and suggests a point of view which is worth considering. He may sometimes appear extravagant—he is never weak, or silly, or perverse. And so far from being credulous, his natural tendency was towards doubt.

On its imaginative side, his mind was constructive: on its logical side, it was solvent and sceptical. Imagination is doubtless to most men the faculty by whose aid construction takes place; but it is seldom that a strong imagination is coupled with so unsparing a criticism as his was of the materials on which the constructive faculty has to work. Sometimes the one power, sometimes the other, carried the day with him. But his later tendencies were rather towards scepticism, and towards what one may call a severe and ascetic view of history. While writing "The Making of England," and the (still unpublished) "Conquest of England," he used to lament to me the scantiness of the materials, and the barren dryness which he feared the books would consequently show. "How am I to make anything of these meagre entries of marches and battles which make up the history of whole centuries? Here are the Norsemen and Danes ravaging and occupying the country; we learn hardly anything about them from English sources, and nothing at all from Danish. How can one conceive and describe them? how have any comprehension of what England was like in the districts they took and ruled?" I tried to get him to work in the Norse Sagas, and remember in particular to have entreated him when he came to the battle of Brunanburh to eke out the pitifully scanty records of that great fight from the account given of it in the famous story of the Icelandic hero, Egil, son of Skallagrim. But he answered that the Saga was unhistorical, a bit of legend written down more than a century after the event, and that he could not, by using it in the text, appear to trust it, or mix up authentic history with fable. It was urged that he could guard himself in a note from being supposed to take it for more than

what it was, a most picturesque embellishment of his tale. But he stood firm. Throughout these two last books, he steadily refrained from introducing any matter, however lively or romantic, which could not stand the test of his stringent criticism, and used laughingly to tell how Dean Stanley had long ago said to him, after reading one of his earliest pieces: "I see you are in danger of growing picturesque. Beware of it. I have suffered for it."

If in these later years he was more cautious, and reined in his imagination more tightly, the change was certainly due to no failing in his ingenuity. Nothing in all his work shows higher constructive quality than "The Making of England." He had to deal with a time which has left us scarcely any authentic records, and to piece together his narrative and his picture of the country out of these records, and the indications, faint and scattered, and often capable of several interpretations, which are supplied by the remains of Roman roads and villas, the names of places, the boundaries of local divisions, the casual statements of writers many centuries later. The result is nothing less than wonderful, and will remain the most enduring witness of his historical power. For here it is not a question of mere literary brilliance. The results are due to unwearied patience, exquisite penetration, sober weighing of evidence, joined to that power of realizing things in the concrete by which a picture is conjured up out of a mass of phenomena, everything falling into its place under laws which seem to prove themselves as soon as they are stated.

Of his literary style nothing need be said, for every one has felt its charm. But it is not without interest to observe that so accomplished a master of words had little verbal memory. He used to say that he could never recollect a phrase in its exact form, and readers of his history will recall instances in which, speaking from memory, he has unconsciously varied some recorded expression. Nor had he any turn for languages. German he never knew at all, a fact which makes the compass of his historical knowledge appear all the more wonderful, and though he had spent several winters in Italy, he did not speak Italian except for the elementary purposes of travelling. The same want of mere verbal memory may have borne a part in this, but it was not unconnected with the vehemence of his interest in the substance of things. He

was so anxious to get at the kernel that he could not stop to examine the nut. In this absence of linguistic gifts, as well as in the keenness of his observations he resembled the late Dean of Westminster, who though he had travelled in and brought back all that was best worth knowing from every country in Europe had no facility in any language but his own. Another taste, however, whose absence used to excite surprise in that admirable master of style, I mean the love of music, was present in Green, whose feeling for that most emotional of the arts was deep and fine.

He was not one of those whose personality is unlike their books, for there was in both the same fertility, the same vivacity, the same keenness of sympathy. Nevertheless those who knew him used to feel that they got from his conversation an even higher impression of his intellectual power than they did from his writings, because everything was so swift and so spontaneous. Such talk has rarely been heard in our generation, so gay, so vivid, so various, so full of anecdote and illustration, so acute in criticism, so candid in consideration, so graphic in description, so abundant in sympathy, so flashing in insight, so full of color and emotion as well as of knowledge and thought. One had to forbid one's self to visit him in the evening, because it was impossible to break off before two o'clock in the morning. And unlike many illustrious talkers, he was just as willing to listen as to speak. Indeed one of the chief charms of his company was that it made you feel so much better than your ordinary self. His appreciation of whatever had any worth in it, his comments and replies, so stimulated the interlocutor's mind that it moved faster and could hit upon apter expressions than at any other time. The same gifts which shone out in his talk, lucid arrangement of ideas, perfect command of words, and a refined skill in perceiving the tendencies of those whom he addressed, would have made him an admirable public speaker. I do not remember that he ever did speak, in his later years, to any audience larger than a committee of twenty. But he was a most eloquent preacher. The first time I ever saw him was in St. Philip's, Stepney, some seventeen years ago, and I shall never forget the impression made on me by the impassioned sentences that rang through the church from the fiery little figure in the pulpit with its thin face and bright black eyes.

What Green did, precious as it is to students and delightful to the public, seems to those who used to listen to him little in comparison with what he would have done had longer life and a more robust body been granted him. Some of his greatest gifts would not have found their full scope till he came to treat of a period where the materials for history are ample, and where he could have allowed himself space to deal with them, such a period, for instance, as that of his early choice, the Angevin kings of England. Yet, even basing themselves on what he has done, they will not fear to claim for him a place among the foremost writers of our time. He has certainly left behind him no one who combines so many of the best gifts. We have historians equally learned, equally industrious. We have two or three whose accuracy is more scrupulous, and their judgment more uniformly sober and cautious. But we have no one, and we may not for many years to come have any one, in whom so much knowledge and so wide a range of interests are united to such ingenuity, acuteness, originality of view, and to such a power of presenting results in rich, clear, and pictorial language. A great master of style may be a worthless historian. A skilful investigator and sound reasoner may be unreadable; the conjunction of the highest gifts for investigation with the highest gifts for exposition is a rare conjunction, which cannot be prized too highly, for it not only advances history, but it creates a taste for history, and brings historical methods as well as historical facts, within the horizon of the ordinary reader.

Of the services he has rendered to English history, the first, and that which was most promptly appreciated, was the intensity with which he realized, and the skill with which he brought out the life of the people of England, and taught his readers that the exploits of kings and the intrigues of ministers, and the struggles of parties in Parliament, are, after all, secondary matters, and important only in so far as they affect the welfare or stimulate the thoughts and feelings of the great mass of undistinguished humanity in whose hands the future of a nation lies. He changed the old-fashioned distribution of our annals into certain periods, showing that such divisions often obscured the true connection of events, and suggesting new and better groupings. And, lastly, he has laid, in his latest books, a firm and enduring foundation for our mediæval history by that account of the Teutonic occupa-

tion of England, of the state of the country as they found it, and the way they conquered and began to organize it, which has been already dwelt on as the most signal proof of his constructive power.

Many readers will be disposed to place him near Macaulay, for though he was less weighty he was far more subtle, and not less fascinating. To fewer perhaps will it occur to compare him with Gibbon, yet I am emboldened by the opinion of one of our greatest living historians to venture on the comparison. There are indeed wide differences between the two men. Green's style has not the majestic march of Gibbon: it is quick and eager almost to restlessness. Nor is his judgment so uniformly grave and sound. But the characteristic note of his genius was also that of Gibbon's, the combination of a perfect mastery of multitudinous details, with a large and luminous view of those far-reaching forces and relations which govern the fortunes of peoples and guide the course of empire. This width and comprehensiveness, this power of massing for the purposes of argument the facts which his art has just been clothing in its most brilliant hues, is the highest of all a historian's gifts, and is the one which seems most of all to establish his position among the leading historical minds of our century.

JAMES BRYCE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE LADIES LINDORES.

CHAPTER XLVII.

(continued.)

SOME time after this another incident, which had no small bearing upon the story of one of these young pairs, occurred at Dalrulzian. Rintoul had never concealed his opposition, but neither had it ever become a subject of personal conflict between John Erskine and himself. He had gone away after his own explanation, for time did not stand still while these events were going on, and even a Guardsman has periods of duty. Shortly after he returned to Lindores, some question about the boundaries of the estates made it expedient that there should be formal communications between the two houses. Rintoul undertook to be the messenger. He had been with his regiment for the last two months, and he had not inquired into local events. He was, therefore, not in the least prepared for the sight that

encountered him when he knocked at John Erskine's door. It was opened to him by Rolls, in all the glory of shining "blacks" and snowy neckcloth, as composed, as authoritative, as fully in command of himself and everything about him, as he had ever been. Rintoul, though he was a lord and a soldier and a fine fellow, gave a jump backwards, which scattered the gravel on the path. "Good lord, Rolls!" he cried. It was not an agreeable surprise. He had done his best to forget Rolls, and he had succeeded. To have so many painful associations thus recalled was unpleasant; and the sight of him, so suddenly, without warning, an undeniable shock.

"Ay, my lord, it's just Rolls," said the butler, barring, as it were, his entrance. Rolls regarded the young man with a stern air; and even when Rintoul, recovering himself, began to express pleasure at his return, and great interest in hearing how it was, the face of Rolls remained unmoved. He changed his mind, however, about barring the entrance, and slowly showed Rintoul into the vacant dining-room, which he entered after him, shutting the door.

"I'll easy tell your lordship how I got out," he said; "but there's mair pressing matter in hand. They tell me, my lord, that ye will not yield to have my maister, John Erskine of Dalrulzian, for Lady Edith's man. I would like to hear if that's true."

"It's a curious sort of question to ask," said Rintoul. "I might ask what's that to you, Rolls?"

"Ay, so ye might—it would be just like you, my lord; but I do not think it would be politic in all the circumstances. What for are you opposing it? Ye're to marry Miss Nora, and get your ain will and pleasure. I wish her much joy, poor thing, and strength of mind to bear a' that's before her. What is your lordship's objection to my maister, if I may make so bold as to ask?"

"You are not very complimentary," said Rintoul, growing red.

"No, I'm no' complimentary, my lord; it's no' my line. Will you tell me what's set you against this marriage? for that is what I would like to ken."

Rintoul tried to laugh, though it would have pleased him better to knock his monitor down. "You must see, Rolls, that a thing like this is my own concern," he said.

"It's my concern as well," said Rolls. "There's mair between you and me, my

lord, than I'm wanting to tell; but if I was in your lordship's place, I would not rin counter to them that has proved themselves your best friend —"

"Rolls! what are you doing here?" cried John Erskine with amazement, suddenly opening the door.

The countenance of Rolls was quite impassive. "I was giving my Lord Rintoul an account of my marvellous deliverance out o' my prison, sir," he said, "and how it was thought I had suffered enough in my long wait for the trial. And that was true. Much have I suffered, and many a thought has gone through my head. I'm real ripened in my judgment, and awfu' well acquaint with points o' law. But I hope I may never have anything more ado with such subjects — if it be not upon very urgent occasion," Rolls said. And he withdrew with a solemn bow to Rintoul, in his usual methodical and important way.

Rintoul had come to see John Erskine upon a matter of business; but they had never ceased to be friends — as good friends, that is, as they ever had been. And the similarity of their situation no doubt awakened new sympathies in their minds. At least, whatever was the cause, this meeting did much to draw them together. It was now that Rintoul showed to John the real good feeling that was in him. "I have not been on your side, I confess," he said. "I have thought Edith might do better. I don't hide it from you. But you need not fear that I will stand in your way. I'm in the same box myself. My lord likes my affair just as little as he likes yours. But of course if she sticks fast to you, as she'll certainly do, what can he make of it? Everything must come right in the end."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THUS between threats and promises, and patience and obstinacy, it came gradually to pass that Lord Lindores had to yield. He made that winter a very unhappy one to his family — and it was not more agreeable to himself; for it was not long before he arrived at the conviction that he could make nothing by his opposition. In Rintoul's case, this had been evident to him from the very first, but he had tried for some time to delude himself with the idea that Edith would and must yield to his will. The successive stages of wrath, bewildered surprise, impatient certainty, and then of a still more disagreeable conviction that whatever he might say or do he would not overcome

this girl, went over him one after another, irritating and humiliating his arbitrary spirit. A father may consent to the fact that beyond a certain point he cannot coerce his full-grown son; but to be opposed and vanquished by a chit of a girl, is hard upon him. To see a soft, small creature, whom he could almost blow away, whom he could crush in his hand like a butterfly, standing up in all the force of a distinct and independent being before him, and asserting her own will and judgment against his, — this was almost more than he could bear. He came, however, gradually to a perception of what can and what cannot be done in the way of moral compulsion. It had succeeded with Carry, and he had not been able at first to imagine that it would not succeed equally with Edith; but gradually his mind was undeceived. He had in reality given up the contest long before he would confess to himself, and still longer before he would allow to the world, that it was so. If he could do nothing else, he would at least keep his household in suspense, and make the cup as bitter as possible to them before they should be allowed to touch the sweet.

Lord Lindores, with all these vexations upon his head, experienced for a moment an absolute pause in his individual career and prospects. He was assailed with that disgust which is one of the curses of age and experience. *Cui bono?* it is the oldest of reflections and the most persistent. To what good is all the work and labor under the sun? What did it matter to him to gain an empty distinction, if his children were to melt away on all sides of him, and merge into the lower classes — which was how, in a moment of natural exasperation, he represented the matter to himself. But afterwards there was a reaction, as was equally natural. He reflected that he was only fifty-five, and that what a man enjoys himself is more to him than anything his grandchildren are likely to enjoy. If he was sure of never having any grandchildren, it would still be worth his while to be Lord Dunearn in the peerage of Great Britain, and take his seat and wear his robes in Westminster. Till these glories were attained, what was he? — a mere Scots lord, good for nothing. A man's children are not the only interests he has in life; especially when they are married he can shake them off — he can re-enter the world without encumbrance. And Lord Lindores remembered that life and the pleasures of his rank could be enjoyed soberly with his wife at a moderate

expense if the young people were all off his hand. He had been but an uncomfortable husband of late years, and yet he loved his wife as she loved him, in frequent disagreements, in occasional angers and impatiences, and much disappointment. What would become of the world if love did not manage to hold its footing through all these? The boys and girls of the highflown kind are of opinion that love is too feeble to bear the destruction of the ideal. But that is all these young persons know. Love has the most robust vitality in the world—it outlives everything. Lord Lindores was often irritated beyond description by his wife, who would not understand his ways, and was continually diverging into ridiculous by-paths of her own. And she was more disappointed in him—more hurt and mortified by his shortcomings than words can say. But yet they loved each other. So much, that it gradually began to dawn upon him with a sense of solace, that when the House of Lords called him, as he hoped, he and she together, without any young people to trouble them, would yet take their pleasure together, and enjoy it and their elevated position, and be able to afford it, which was the best of all. She, at fifty, was still a handsome woman; and he had a presence which many younger men might have envied. It is doubtful whether the imagination of Lady Lindores would have been equally delighted with this dream: but it would have pleased her to know that he looked forward to it, which is next best. Animated by this thought, Lord Lindores gathered himself together and returned to public business with all his heart and soul. He took possession unhesitatingly, as has been said, of the Tinto power and influence. Torrance had opposed him in politics, and thus neutralized the advantage of a family union against which nothing in the county could stand. But now, with a sigh of satisfaction, Lord Lindores drew into his hand the influence of Tinto too.

This went on for some time with little warning of the insecurity of tenure by which he held his power. Beaufort had at last withdrawn from Dalrulzian, though it was not absolutely certain that he had left the neighborhood. The minds of the family were, however, eased by his abandonment of the ground so far. And Lady Car lived very quietly, seldom making her appearance out of her own grounds, and never once appearing at Lindores. She would not, indeed, on any argument, return to her old home. Though she was

urged by her mother and sister with many soft entreaties, Carry would never yield on this point. Her countenance seemed to blanch when it was suggested, though she would give no reason but a tremulous, oft-repeated "No, no; oh no, no." When she drove out, she would sometimes call at the door to fetch them, sometimes to convey them home, but they could not induce her to cross the familiar threshold. She was uneasy even in the very neighborhood of the house, and breathed more freely when it was out of sight. This extraordinary objection to her father's house kept her almost a prisoner in her own; for where could a widow of but a few mouths go, except to her parents? No other visiting was possible. She was not even, they thought, very desirous of Edith's society, but liked to be alone, interesting herself in the alterations of furniture and new arrangements she was making; a great many of the faded grandeurs upon which Pat Torrance prided himself had already been put away. For the moment this was the only sign of feeling herself her own mistress which Lady Car displayed.

Other revolutions, however, were at hand. There came a moment when it happened that one of the orders Lord Lindores had given was disobeyed, and when an explanation was asked, the answer given was that Lady Car herself had given other orders. This irritated her father greatly, and he made up his mind that the uncertainty in which things were could exist no longer—that he must have an explanation with his daughter. He set out for this purpose with a little impatient determination to bring Carry to her senses. He had been tolerating much which it was ridiculous to go on tolerating. All the family had humored her, he felt, as if she had been an inconsolable widow, broken-hearted and incapable of any exertion. At this, he could not but smile within himself as he thought of it. It was a pity, perhaps, for Torrance, poor fellow, but it could not be doubted that it was a most fortunate accident for Car. To be his wife, perhaps, had its disagreeables, but there could be no more desirable position than that of his widow; and to indulge Carry's whims as they had all been doing, and keep every annoyance out of her way as if she had been heart-broken, was too absurd. He decided that it would be well to have a clear understanding once for all. She was left by the will in uncontrolled authority, and it was full time to show her that this did not, of

course, interfere with the authority of her father, who was her natural guide and protector. "Your husband, of course, took this into consideration," he intended to say. But it cannot be denied that he had to brace himself up for the interview with a clear sense that it might be a painful one; and that, as he went along, Lord Lindores did what was a great tribute to the altered position of Carry—arranged the subjects of their interview in his mind, and settled with himself what he was to say.

A great deal can happen in a neighborhood, even when it is full of gossiping society, without reaching the ears of the persons most intimately concerned, and Lord Lindores had been kept in ignorance of much which had alarmed and disquieted his wife. She was aware, but he was not, that Beaufort still lingered in the vicinity, not living indeed in one place, but making frequent expeditions from Edinburgh, or from the further north, sometimes to the little hotel at Dunearn, sometimes to other little towns in the neighborhood, from which he could come for the day, or even for a few hours, to see Carry in her solitude. Lady Lindores had discovered this with all the pain of anxiety and wounded disapproval,—wounded that Carry could think it right to do what seemed to herself so little suited to the dignity and delicacy of her position: and though scarcely a word had been said between them on the subject, it had brought pain and embarrassment into their intercourse; for Carry was irritated and wounded beyond measure by the consciousness of her mother's disapproval. She, of whom Torrance had declared in his brutal way that she was too proud to go wrong, was incapable indeed even of conceiving the possibility that "going wrong" should be in any one's thought of her. In her own mind, the fervor with which she had turned back to the love of her life, the eagerness with which, at the very earliest moment, she had sought his pardon, were the only compensations she could give him for the falsehood into which she had been forced and the sufferings that had been inflicted upon him. How could she pretend to build a wall of false delicacy around herself and keep him at a distance, while her heart was solely bent upon making up to him for what he had suffered, and conscious of no sentiment but an overwhelming desire for his presence and society? That she should be obliged to enjoy this society almost by stealth, and that her

mother, even her mother, should object and remonstrate, gave Carry the keen and sharp offence with which a delicate mind always resents a false interpretation of its honest meaning. It seemed to her that her first duty now was to be true—always true. She had been false with horrible consequences: to conceal now the eager bound of her heart towards her true lover would be a lie—especially to him who had suffered, as she also had suffered, from the lies of her life. But Lord Lindores, when he made up his mind that Carry must be brought to her senses, was in no way aware how difficult the position was, and how far those senses had gone astray.

He had taken a considerable round to think over the subject, so that it was getting towards evening when he rode up the long avenue to Tinto,—so late that the workmen whom Carry employed in the changes she was making were leaving their work, when Lord Lindores went into the house and made his way towards Carry's sitting-room. He sent away the butler, who, with an air of alarm and surprise, started out of the partial twilight to conduct him to his daughter. It was, he felt, something of a reproach to him that the man looked so much startled, as if his mistress's father could be an unwelcome visitor. The room was not lighted, save by the glow of a large fire, when Lord Lindores opened the door, after a knock to which no answer was returned. There was a sound of several voices, and he was surprised to see the tall figure of a man standing against the firelight. Who was the man who was visiting Carry? It was not Rintoul, nor any one else he knew in the neighborhood. Nobody about was so tall, so slight, though there was something in the outline of the figure that was familiar to him. But there was an agitated conversation going on, which made the speakers scarcely distinguishable in the twilight, unconscious of the knock of the new-comer or his entrance. To his surprise it was his wife's voice which he heard first, saying tremulously: "Mr. Beaufort, I can do nothing but return to what I said before. *Qui s'accuse, s'accuse*. You may have the very best of reasons, but it is an injury to Carry that you should stay here."

"An injury to me! How can it be an injury to me? It is my only consolation, it is the only help I have. I have told you from the first, mamma. Edward has been wronged, only not so cruelly wronged as I was myself; oh, nobody could be

that! And now that we can make it up to each other — and learn to forget it, — you would chase him away a second time — for what? because of what *people* — the world — those who know nothing about us — may say!"

Carry was standing by the mantelpiece, her tall figure in its black clinging dress scarcely distinguishable at first, but the animation with which she spoke, and the natural eloquence of her gestures, brought it out against the white marble. Then there came Beaufort's deeper voice: "You know, Lady Lindores, I am ready to do whatever is best for her. If I can comfort her after all that has happened to her, how can I go away? I wish to do only what is best for her."

"I beg to remark," said Lord Lindores, coming forward, "that I knocked before coming in. This, I suppose, is why your servant looked alarmed when he admitted me. Is this gentleman, may I ask, living here?"

Carry drew back at the sound of his voice as if she had received a blow. She clung to the edge of the tall white mantelpiece, shrinking, her figure drawn together, an impersonation of terror and trouble. Beaufort started too, but slightly, and stood instinctively out of the way to make room for the new-comer. Lord Lindores went straight forward to the fire and took up his position with his back to it, with a certain straightforward ease and authority, like a man in his own house, who has no doubt of his right to do his pleasure there. But as a matter of fact, he was by no means so certain as he looked.

"We did not hear you," said Carry, with a breathless gasp in her voice. "We were talking — over points on which my mother does not agree with me."

"I can easily imagine that," he replied.

And then there was a dreadful pause. Lady Lindores, on the other side of the fire, did not move or speak. It was the crisis of Carry's fate, and except in defence or help of her child, the mother vowed to herself that she would take no part. It was hard, but it was best for Carry. Whatever was going to happen to her, she must decide for herself now.

"I asked," said Lord Lindores, in that calm, clear, collected voice, which was so strange a contrast to the agitation of the others, "whether this gentleman is living here? If so, it is very inappropriate and unsuitable. Your mother would prefer, I am sure, if Mr. Beaufort is here about

any business, to offer him a bed at Lindores."

There was a universal holding of the breath at this extraordinary proposition. Had he burst into all the violence of passion, they would have been prepared, but not for this politeness and calm.

"I am not living here, Lord Lindores," said Beaufort, with some confusion. "I am on my way from the north. I could not resist the temptation of staying for an hour or two on my way to inquire —"

"That was very kind," he said; "and kindness which interferes with personal comfort is very rare. If you are going to Edinburgh, you must remember you have two ferries to cross."

"Probably," Beaufort cried, faltering a little, "I shall stay all night in Dunearn. Lady Caroline — had some commissions for me."

"You had much better come to Lindores. Commissions, Carry! I suppose Mr. Beaufort is acting as a sort of agent for you in your new arrangements. Is it *bric-à-brac*? You young men are all learned in that."

Nobody made any reply, but the very air seemed to tingle with the extraordinary tumult of feeling. To accept Beaufort as an ordinary caller, and to invite him to Lindores, was a master-stroke. But the two people between whom he stood were so surcharged with passionate feeling, that any touch must produce an explosion of one sort or another. This touch was given inadvertently by Lady Lindores, who — terribly bewildered by the course that things were taking, but feeling that if Beaufort could be induced to go to Lindores, it would cut the thread better than any other expedient — rose softly out of the twilight, and coming forward to him, laid her hand upon his arm: "Yes, yes, that is much the best. Come to Lindores," she said.

At which Carry lost the control of herself which people in their ordinary senses have. Between panic and passion she was beside herself. Fear has a wild temerity which goes far beyond courage; her tall, straight figure seemed to fling suddenly out of the shade, and launch itself upon this milder group. She put Lady Lindores away with a vehement gesture. "Mother," she cried, "do not you meddle. Edward! do not go, do not go; it is a trap, it is a snare. If you go it will all be over, all over!" Her voice rose almost to a scream. She had reached the point at which reason has no longer any hold, and all the reticence and modesty of

nature yields to the wild excitement of terror. She was trembling all over, yet capable of any supreme effort of desperation, — ready to defend to the last, against the same powers that had crushed her before, her last hope.

"Carry," said Lord Lindores, — he kept up, at incalculable cost to himself, his tone of conciliation, — "I do not understand what you fear. Is it I that am to lay traps or snares? I forgive you, my poor child; but this is a strange way to talk to Mr. Beaufort, — he cannot stay here —"

"I have no intention of staying here, Lord Lindores," said Beaufort hastily. "You may be sure I will not expose her to any comment."

"I am very sure, nevertheless, that you are doing so," said Lord Lindores.

The contrast of this brief dialogue with Carry's impassioned tones was extraordinary. She felt it through the haze of excitement that surrounded her, though her intelligence of all outside matters was blurred by the wild strain of her own feelings, which would have utterance. "Father," she said hoarsely, putting her hand on his arm, "go away from us — do not interfere. You know what you made of me when I was in your hands. Oh, let us alone now! I am not a girl — I am a woman. I am the same as you, knowing good and evil. Oh," she said suddenly, "if you want to keep any respect for me, go away, go away, for I don't know what I am saying. My head is turning round. Mother, — Edward; don't you see that I am losing my reason? Oh, don't let him interfere — let him go away."

Lady Lindores caught her daughter in her arms, in a trembling effort to control and calm her. "Carry, my dearest! you will be sorry afterwards —"

"Oh, yes, I shall be sorry," cried poor Lady Car, drawing herself out of her mother's hold, — "sorry to have been unkind, sorry to have betrayed myself; but I must, I must, I cannot hold my peace. Oh, father, let me alone! What good will that do you to make me wretched? What good has it done you? Nothing, nothing! I might have been poor and happy, instead of all I have come through; and what difference would it have made to you? You have killed me once; but oh, think how cruel, how tyrannous, if you tried to kill me again! And you see nobody speaks for me; I am alone to defend myself. Father, you shall not interfere again."

She had resumed her hold on his arm, grasping it half to support herself, half to

enforce what she was saying. He now put his hand upon hers and detached it gently, still keeping down his anger, retaining his tone of calm. "My poor child, you are overdone; let your mother take care of you," he said compassionately. "Mr. Beaufort, we are both out of place here at this moment. Lady Caroline has had a great deal to try her; we had better leave her with her mother." Nobody could be more reasonable, more temperate. His compassionate voice and gentle action, and the way in which he seemed about to sweep away with him the somewhat irrelative figure of the man who had no right to be there, filled Carry with a wild pang. It seemed to her that, notwithstanding all her protest and passion, he was about to be victorious once more, and to rob her of all life and hope again. She stretched out her arms wildly, with a cry of anguish: "Edward, are you going to forsake me too?"

Edward Beaufort was very pertinacious in his love, very faithful, poetically tender and true, but he was not strong in an emergency, and the calmness and friendliness of Lord Lindores's address deceived him. He cried, "Never!" with the warmest devotion: but then he changed his tone a little: "Lord Lindores is perhaps right — for the moment. I must not — bring ill-natured remark —"

Lady Car burst into a little wild laugh. "You have no courage — you either," she said, "even you. It is only I, a poor coward, that am not afraid. It is not natural to me, everybody knows; but when a soul is in despair — Then just see how bold I am," she cried suddenly, "father and mother! If there is any holding back, it is his, not mine. I have been ready — ready from the first, as I am now. I care nothing about remark, or what anybody says. I will hear no reason; I will have no interference. Do you hear me, all? Do you hear what I say?"

"I hear — what I am very sorry to hear, Carry, — what you cannot mean. Mr. Beaufort is too much a gentleman to take advantage of this wild talk, which is mere excitement and overstrained feeling."

She laughed again, that laugh which is no laugh, but an expression of all that is inarticulate in the highest excitement. "I am ready — to fulfil our old engagement, our old, old, broken engagement, that we made before God and heaven. I have been like Dante," she said; "I have lost my way, and made that dreadful round before I could find it, through hell

and purgatory; yes, that is it—through hell— And now, whenever Edward pleases. It is not I that am holding back. Yes, go, go!" she said; "oh, though I love you, you are not like me, you have not suffered like me! go—but don't go with my father. He will find some way of putting everything wrong again."

The two gentlemen walked solemnly, one behind the other, to the door: on the threshold Lord Lindores paused. "I don't suppose you will suspect me of any designs upon your life," he said, with a bitter smile, "if I repeat that you will be welcome at Lindores."

"I had made all my arrangements," said Beaufort, with some confusion, "to stay at Dunearn."

Lord Lindores paused for a moment before mounting his horse. "All that she has been saying is folly," he said; "you may be certain that it will not be permitted—"

"Who is to stop it? I don't think, if we are agreed, any one has the power."

"It will not be permitted. It would be disgraceful to you. It would be a step that no gentleman could take. A foolish young woman, hysterical with excitement and exhaustion and grief—"

"Lord Lindores, you forget what that young woman has been to me—ever since I have known her. I have never wavered—"

"Then you have committed a sin," the earl said. He stood there discomfited, in the darkness of the night, scarcely remembering the servants, who were within hearing,—not knowing what further step to take. He raised his foot to put it in the stirrup, then turned back again. "If you will not come with me—where we could talk this out at our leisure—at least you will go away from here," he said. Beaufort did not reply in words, but hastened away, disappearing in the gloom of the avenue. Lord Lindores mounted his horse, and followed slowly, in a tumult of thought. He had not been prepared for it,—he was unable now to realize the power of wild and impassioned resistance which was in Carry. He was giddy with astonishment, as if his horse or his dog had turned round upon him and defied him. But he tried to shake off the impression as he got further from Tinto. It was impossible; it was a mere bravado. She would no more hold to it than— And since there was delicacy, decorum, propriety—every reason that could be thought of, on the other side—no, no! He would forgive poor Carry's passion,

for she could no more hold to it— Even her mother, who had been so difficult to manage before, her mother would fully support him now. He tried to console himself with these thoughts; but yet Lord Lindores rode home a broken man.

Lady Lindores sat and cried by the fire, while Carry swept about the room in her passion, crossing and recrossing the fire-light. The servants at Tinto were more judicious than those at Lindores. They were accustomed to scenes in the drawing-room, and to know that it was indiscreet to carry lights thither until they were called for. In the late Tinto's time the lamps, when they were carried in abruptly, had lit up many an episode of trouble,—the fierce redness of the master's countenance, the redness so different of his wife's eyes. So that no one interrupted the lingering hour of twilight. Lady Lindores sat like any of the poor women in the cottages, unable to stand against the passion of her child. How familiar is the scene,—the mother crying by the fireside, descended from her dignity and power to sway (if she ever possessed any), to sheer helplessness and pathetic spectatorship, unable, with all the experience and gathered wisdom of her years, to suggest anything or do anything for the headstrong life and passion of the other woman, who could learn only by experience, as her mother did before her. Carry paced up and down the room from end to end; even the shadowy lines of her figure, even her step, revealed the commotion of her soul: when she came full into the firelight she stood still for a moment, her hands clasped, her head thrown back, confronting the dim image of herself in the great mirror against a ruddy background of gloom. And Carry in her passion was not without enlightenment too.

"No," she said passionately, "no, no. Do you know why I am so determined? It is because I am frightened to death. Oh, don't take an advantage of what I am saying to you. How do I know what my father might do this time? No, no. I must keep out of his hands. I will rather die."

"Carry, I will not interfere. What can I do between you? But these are not all conventionalities, as you think—there is more in them."

"There is this in them," she said, with a strange, pathetic smile, "that Edward thinks so too. He is not ready like me to throw away everything. He might be

persuaded, perhaps, if my father put forth all his powers, to abandon me, to think it was for my interest —”

“Carry, I do not wish to support you in your wild projects; but I think you are doing Edward injustice.”

“Thank you, mother dear; your voice is so sweet,” she said, with a sudden softening, “why should you cry? It is all a black sea round about me on every side. I have only one thing to cling to, only one thing, and how can I tell? perhaps that may fail me too. But you have nothing to cry for. Your way is all clear and straight before you till it ends in heaven. Let them talk as they like, there must be heaven for you. You will sit there and wait and watch to see all the broken boats come home, — some bottom upwards, and every one drowned; some lashed to one miserable bit of a mast — like me.”

“Carry,” said Lady Lindores, “if that is the case, — if you do not feel sure — why, in spite of everything, father and mother, and modesty and reverence, and all that is most necessary to life, your own good name, and perhaps the future welfare of your children — why will you cling to Edward Beaufort? You wronged him perhaps, but he did nothing to stop it. There were things he might have done — he ought to have been ready to claim you before — to oppose you —”

Carry threw herself at her mother's feet, and laid her trembling hand upon her lips. “Not a word, not a word,” she cried. “Do you think he would wrong my children? Oh no, no! that is impossible. His fault, it is to be too good. And if he did nothing, what could he do? He has never had the ground to stand on, nor opportunity, nor time. Thank God! they will be his now; he will prove what is in him now.”

Which was it that in her heart she believed? But Lady Lindores could not tell. Carry, when she calmed down, sat at her mother's feet in the firelight, and clasped her close, and poured out her heart, no longer in fiery opposition and passion, but with a sudden change and softening, in all the pathos of trouble past and hope returned. They cried together, and talked and kissed each other, once more mother and child, admitting no other thought. This sudden change went to the heart of Lady Lindores. Her daughter's head upon her bosom, her arm holding her close, what could she do but kiss her and console her, and forget everything in sympathy? But as she drove home in the dark other fears came in. Only one

thing to cling to — and perhaps that might fail her — “one miserable bit of a mast.” What did she mean? What did Carry believe? that her old love would renew for her all the happiness of life, as she had been saying, whispering with her cheek close to her mother's — that the one dream of humanity, the romance, which is never worn out and never departs, was now to be fulfilled for her? — or that, even into this dream, the canker had entered, the sense that happiness was not and never could be?

CHAPTER XLIX.

WHEN a pair of lovers are finally delivered from all those terrible obstacles that fret the current of true love, and are at last married and settled, what more is there to be said about them? One phase of life is happily terminated, — the chapter which human instinct has chosen as the subject of romance, the one in which all classes are interested, — those to whom it is still in the future, with all the happy interest of happiness to come, — those to whom it is in the past, with perhaps a sigh, perhaps a smile of compassion, a softening recollection, even when their hopes have not been fulfilled, of what was and what might have been. The happinesses and the miseries of that early struggle, how they dwindle in importance as we get older, — how little we think now of the crisis which seemed final then — things for which heaven and earth stood still! yet there will never come a time in which human interest will fall away from the perennial story, continually going on, ever changing, yet ever the same.

Before proceeding to the knotting up of other threads, we must first recount here what happened to Lord Millefleurs. He did not take any immediate steps in respect to Miss Sallie Field. They corresponded largely and fully at all times, and he told her of the little incident respecting Edith Lindores, in full confidence of her sympathy and approval. Perhaps he gave the episode a turn of a slightly modified kind, representing that his proposal was rather a matter of politeness than of passion, and that it was a relief to both parties when it was discovered that Edith, as well as himself, considered fraternal much better than matrimonial relations. Miss Sallie's reply to this was very uncompromising. She said: “I think you have behaved like a couple of fools. You ought to have married. You can tell her from me that she would have found you

very nice, though your height may leave something to be desired. I don't myself care for girls, — they are generally stupid; but it would have been exceedingly suitable, and pleased your parents — a duty which I wish I saw you more concerned about." Lord Millefeurs, in his reply, acknowledged the weight and sense "as always" of his correspondent's opinion. "I told dear Edith at once what you said; but it did not perhaps make so much impression on her as it would otherwise have done, since she has got engaged to John Erskine, a country gentleman in the neighborhood, which does not please her parents half so well as a certain other union would have done. Pleasing one's parents after all, though it is a duty, is not paramount to all other considerations. Besides, I have never thought it was a commandment to which great attention was paid *chez nous*." Miss Field's reply was still more succinct and decided: "I don't know what you mean by *chez nous*. I hate French phrases when simple American will do as well. If you think we don't love our fathers and mothers, it just shows how far popular fallacy can go, and how easily you bigoted Englishmen are taken in. Who was it that first opened your eyes to the necessity of considering your mother's feelings?" Peace was established after this, but on the whole Lord Millefeurs decided to await the progress of circumstances, and not startle and horrify those parents whom Miss Sallie was so urgent he should please. Some time after she informed him that she was coming to Europe in charge of a beautiful young niece, who would have a large fortune. "Money makes a great deal of difference in the way in which dukes and duchesses consider matters," she wrote enigmatically, "and so far as I can make out from your papers and novels (if there is any faith to be put in them), American girls are the fashion." Lord Millefeurs informed his mother of this approaching arrival, and with some difficulty procured from her an invitation to Ess Castle for his Transatlantic friends. "I wish there was not that girl though," her Grace said; but Lady Reseda, for her part, was delighted. "She will go to Paris first and bring the very newest fashions," that young lady cried. The ducal mansion was a little excited by the anticipation. They looked for a lovely creature dressed to just a little more than perfection, who would come to breakfast in a diamond necklace, and amuse them more than anybody had amused them in the memory

of man. And they were not disappointed in this hope. Miss Nellie F. Field was a charming little creature, and her "things" were divine. Lady Reseda thought her very like Daisy Miller; and the duchess allowed, with a sigh, that American girls were the fashion, and that if Millefeurs would have something out of the way —

But in the mean while Millefeurs left this lovely little impersonation of freedom to his mother and sister, and walked about with her aunt. Miss Sallie was about eight or nine and thirty, an age at which women have not ceased to be pleasant — when they choose — to the eye as well as to the heart. But the uncompromising character of her advice was nothing to that of her toilette and appearance. She wore short skirts in which she could move about freely when everybody else had them long. She wore a bonnet when everybody else had a hat. Her hair was thin, but she was scrupulous never to add a tress, or even a cushion. She was not exactly plain, for her features were good, and her eyes full of intelligence; but as for complexion, she had none, and no figure to speak of. She assumed the entire spiritual charge of Millefeurs from the moment they met, and he was never absent from her side a moment longer than he could help. It amused the family beyond measure, at first almost more than Nellie. But by-and-by the smile began to be forced, and confusion to take the part of hilarity. It was Miss Sallie Field herself at last who took the bull by the horns, if that is not too profane a simile. She took the duke apart one fine evening, when the whole party had strolled out upon the lawn after dinner. "Your son," she said, "is tormenting me to marry him," and she fixed upon the duke her intelligent eyes. His Grace was confounded, as may be supposed. He stood aghast at this middle-aged woman with her Transatlantic accent and air. He did not want to be uncivil. "You!" he said, in consternation, then blushed for his bad manners, and added suavely, "I beg you a thousand pardons — you mean — your niece." That of itself would be bad enough. "No," said Miss Sallie, with an air of regret, "it does not concern Nellie. I have told him that would be more reasonable. Nellie is very pretty, and has a quantity of money; but he doesn't seem to see it. Perhaps you don't know that this was what he wanted when I sent him home to his mother? I thought he would have got over it when he came home. I consider him quite unsuitable for me, but

I am a little uneasy about the moral consequences. I am thirty-eight, and I have a moderate competency, not a fortune, like Nellie. I thought it better to talk it over with you before it went any further," Miss Sallie said.

And when he took this middle-aged and plain-spoken bride to Dalrulzian to visit the young people there, Millefleurs did not attempt to conceal his consciousness of the objections which his friends would no doubt make. "I told you it was quite unsuitable," he said, turning up his little eyes and clasping his plump hands. "We were both perfectly aware of that; but it is *chic*, don't you know, if you will allow me to use a vulgar word." Edith clasped the arm of John when the Marquis and Marchioness of Millefleurs had retired, and these two young people indulged in subdued bursts of laughter. They stepped out upon the terrace walk to laugh, that they might not be heard, feeling the delightful contrast of their own well-assorted youth and illimitable happiness. The most delightful vanity mingled with their mirth, that vanity in each other which feels like a virtue. It was summer, and the air was soft, the moon shining full over the far sweep of the undulating country, blending with a silvery remnant of daylight which lingered far into the night. The hills in the far distance shone against the lightness of the horizon, and the crest of fir-trees on Dalrulzian hill stood out against the sky, every twig distinct. It was such a night as the lovers babbled of on that bank on which the moonbeams lay at Belmont, but more spiritual than any Italian night because of that soft heavenly lingering of the day which belongs to the north. This young pair had not been married very long, and had not ceased to think their happiness the chief and most reasonable subject of interest to all around them. They were still comparing themselves with everything in earth and almost in heaven, to the advantage of their own blessedness. They were amused beyond description by the noble couple who had come to visit them. "Confess now, that you feel a pang of regret," John said—and they stood closer and closer together, and laughed under their breath as at the most delightful joke in the world. Up-stairs the marchioness shut the window, remarking that the air was very cold. "What a fool that little thing was not to have you!" she said; "you would have done very well together." "Dear Edith!" said Millefleurs, folding his hands, "it is

very pr—y, don't you know, to see her so happy."

The observations made down-stairs, upon the actors in this little drama, were very free, as was natural. Rolls himself, who had held a more important rôle than any one knew, was perhaps apt to exaggerate the greatness of his own part, but with an amiable and benevolent effect. His master, indeed, he looked upon with benevolent indulgence, as knowing no more than a child of the chief incident. If Rolls had not been already bound to the house of Dalrulzian by lifelong fidelity, and by that identification of himself and all his interests, his pride and self-regard, with his "family," which is something even more tenacious and real than faithfulness, he would have been made so by the fact that John, without in the slightest degree realizing that Rolls was suffering for him, had given orders to Mr. Monypenny to secure the most expensive assistance for his trial. The pride, contempt, satire, and keen suppressed emotion with which this act filled the old servant's bosom, were beyond description. "It was just downright extravagance," he said to Bauby; "they're a' fuils, thae Erskines, frae father to son. Laying out all that siller upon me; and no' a glimmer o' insight a' the time. An' he had had the sense to see, it would have been natural; but how could he divine my meaning when there was no conscience in himself? and giving out his money all the same as if notes were things ye could gather on the roadside?" "He mightna understand ye, Tammas, but he ken't your meaning was good," said Bauby. Their position was changed by all the changes that had happened, to the increase of their grandeur if not of their happiness. Rolls had now a tall and respectful youth under his orders, and Bauby was relieved, in so far as she would allow herself to be relieved, of the duties of the kitchen. It was gratifying to their pride, but there is little doubt that they sighed occasionally for the freedom of the time when Rolls was alone in his glory, dictator of the feminine household, and Bauby's highest effort of toilette was to tie a clean apron round her ample waist. She had to wear a silk gown now, and endeavor to be happy in it. Rolls's importance, however, was now publicly acknowledged both out of doors and in. He was looked upon with a kind of admiring awe by the population generally, as a man who had been, as it were, like Dante, in hell, and came out unsinged—or in prison, which was nearly as bad,

issuing forth in a sort of halo of innocence and suffering. It might have been possible that John Erskine or any of the gentlemen of the country-side had quarrelled with Tinto and meant mischief; but Rolls could not have meant anything. The very moment that the eyes of the rural world were directed to him, it was established that accident only could be the cause of death, and everybody felt it necessary to testify their sympathy to the unwilling instrument of such an event. The greatest people in the county would stop to speak to him when occasion offered, to show him that they thought no worse of him. Even Lord Lindores would do this; but there was one exception. Rintoul was the one man who had never offered any sympathy. He turned his head the other way when Rolls approached him, — would not look at him when they were, perforce, brought into contact. While Rolls, for his part, regarded Lord Rintoul with a cool and cynical air of observation that was infinitely galling to the object of it. "Yon lord!" he said, when he spoke of him, contemptuous, with a scoff always in his tone. And Rolls had grown to be a great authority in legal matters, the only person in the neighborhood, as was supposed, that knew the mysteries of judicial procedure. But his elevation, as we have said, was modified by domestic drawbacks. Instead of giving forth his sentiments in native freedom as he went and came with the dishes, direct from one table to another, it was necessary to wait until the other servants of the household were disposed of before the butler and the housekeeper could express confidentially their feelings to each other. And Bauby, seated in her silk gown, doing the honors to the marquis's man, of whom she stood in great awe, and the marchioness's woman, whom she thought a "cutty," was not half so happy as Bauby, glowing and proud in the praises of a successful dinner, with her clean white apron folded over her arms.

"This is the lord that my leddy would have been married upon, had all gone as was intended," Rolls said. "He's my lord marquis at present, and will be my lord duke in time."

"Such a bit creature for a' thae grand titles," said Bauby, yawning freely over the stocking which she was supposed to be knitting. "Eh, Tammass, my man, do ye hear that clatter? We'll no' have an ashet left in the house."

"It's a peety she didna take him — it would have pleased a' parties," said Rolls.

"I had other views mysel', as is well known, for our maister here, poor lad. Woman, cannot ye bide still when a person is speaking to ye? The ashets are no' your concern."

"Eh, and wha's concern should they be?" cried Bauby; "would I let the family suffer and me sit still? My lady's just a sweet young thing, and I'm more fond of her every day. She may not just be very clever about ordering the dinner, but what does that maitter as lang as I'm to the fore? And she's an awfu' comfort to my mind in respect to Mr. John. It takes off the responsibility. Me that was always thinking what would I say to his mammaw!"

"I have nothing to say against my lady," said Rolls, "but just that I had ither views. It's a credit to the house that she should have refused a grand match for *our* sake. But it will be a fine ploy for an observer like me that kens human nature to see them a' about my table at their dinner the morn. There will be the earl himsel', just girning with spite and politeness — and her that would have been my ain choice, maybe beginning to see, poor thing, the mistake she's made. Poor thing! Marriages, in my opinion, is what most shakes your faith in Providence. It's just the devil that's at the bottom o' them, so far as I can see."

"Hoot, Tammass — it's true love that's at the bottom o' them," Bauby said.

"Love!" Rolls cried with contempt; and then he added with a grin of malice — "I'm awfu' entertained to see *yon lord* at our table-end. He will not look the side I'm on. It's like poison to him to hear my voice. And I take great pains to serve him mysel'," he said with a chuckle. "I'm just extraordinar attentive to him. There's no person that I take half as much charge of. I'm thinking his dinner will choke him some day, for he canna bide the sight o' me."

"Him that should go upon his knees to ye every day of his life!" cried Bauby indignant.

"We'll say no-thing about that; but I get my diversion out o' him," said Rolls grimly, "though he's a lord, and I'm but a common man!"

The marriage of Lady Car took place a little more than a year after Torrance's death. It was accomplished in London, whither she had gone some time before, with scarcely any one to witness the ceremony but her mother. She preferred it so. She was happy and she was miser-

able, with the strangest mingling of emotions. Lady Lindores made vain efforts to penetrate into the mind which was no longer open to her as her own. Carry had gone far away from her mother, who knew none of the passions which had swept her soul, yet could divine that the love in which she was so absorbed, the postponed and interrupted happiness which seemed at last to be within her grasp, was not like the love and happiness that might have been. When Beaufort was not with her, her pale countenance, that thoughtful face with its air of *distinction* and sensitive delicacy, which had never been beautiful, would fall into a wan shadow and fixedness which were wonderful to see. When he was with her, it lighted up with gleams of ineffable feeling, yet would waver and change like a stormy sky, sometimes with a lightning-flash of impatience, sometimes with a wistful questioning glance, which gave it to Lady Lindores all the interest of a poem united to the far deeper, trembling interest of observation with which a mother watches her child on the brink of new possibilities. Were they for good or evil?—was it a life of hope fulfilled, or of ever-increasing and deepening disappointment, which lay before Carry's tremulous feet? They were not the assured feet of a believing and confident bride. What is love without faith and confidence and trust? It is the strangest, the saddest, the most terrible, the most divine of human passions. It is seldom that a woman begins with such enlightenment in her eyes. Usually it is the growth of slow and much-resisted experience, the growing revelation of years. How sweet, how heavenly, how delightful, when love is blind! How wise the ancients were to make him a child—a thing of caprice and sweet confusion, taking everything for granted! But this to Carry was impossible. When her mother took her into her arms on her wedding morning, dressed in the soft grey gown which was the substitute for bridal white, they kissed each other with a certain solemnity. At such a moment so much is divined between kindred hearts which words can never say. "I want you to remember," said Carry, "mother dear—that whatever comes of it, this is what is best." "I hope all that is most happy will come of it, my darling," said Lady Lindores. "And I too—and I too—" She paused, raising a little her slender throat, her face, that was like a wistful pale sky, clear-shining after the rain—"But let it be what it may, it is the only

good—the only way for me." These were the sole words explanatory that passed between them. Lady Lindores parted with the bridal pair afterwards with an anxious heart. She went home that night, travelling far in the dark through the unseen country, feeling the unknown all about her. Life had not been perfect to her any more than to others. She had known many disappointments, and seen through many illusions; but she had preserved through all the sweetness of a heart that can be deceived, that can forget to-day's griefs and hope again in to-morrow as if to-day had never been. As she drew near her home, her heart lightened without any reason at all. Her husband was not a perfect mate for her—her son had failed to her hopes. But she did not dwell on these disenchantments. After all, how dear they were! after all, there was to-morrow to come, which perhaps, most likely, would yet be the perfect day.

From The Nineteenth Century.

AN UNSOLVED HISTORICAL RIDDLE.

DONA ANA, widow of Ruy Gomez, Prince of Eboli, was the only child of Don Diego Hurtado, chief of the great house of Mendoza. There were many Mendozas in the Spanish peerage. Don Diego's was the eldest branch. On his father's death a part, but not all, of the inheritance descended to the daughter. She was Princess of Eboli as her husband's widow. Her eldest son, a youth of twenty or thereabouts, was Duke of Pastraña and Prince of Melito. She had five younger children. One of them, a daughter, was married to Alonzo the Good, Duke of Medina Sidonia, known to history as the admiral of the Armada. Family disputes seem to have arisen about Don Diego's succession. Some suit was pending between her and other members of the family. The princess was detaining money, jewels, and other possessions, to which her relatives laid claim; and the quarrel was further complicated by the political leanings of the young Prince of Melito, who had deserted the old party of his father, Ruy Gomez, and had gone over to the Duke of Alva.

The princess herself was now thirty-eight years old. She had lost one eye and was otherwise not beautiful; but she was energetic, imperious, with considerable talents, and able, if she pleased, to be

fascinating. That she had been Philip's mistress was an Italian scandal; nothing had then been heard of it in Spain; but Perez gave mysterious hints that the king would have been more intimate with her if she had encouraged him. Any way she had lost Philip's favor. Visitors at the Eboli palace were frowned upon at the Escorial; the world said that the king was irritated at her rejection of his advances,* and that "wishes unsatisfied were more exasperating than a thousand offences."

This was perhaps but court gossip; but, whether fact or legend, it is certain on the other hand that the relations between the princess and Antonio Perez were intimate and even affectionate. He had been her husband's adopted son. The princess professed to believe that Ruy Gomez was his real father, and to her Perez's devotion was unconcealed and unbounded. He describes in an enigmatic letter the position in which he stood towards her. M. Mignet says that there can be no doubt of his meaning, and rushes to a preconceived conclusion. The letter is intentionally obscure; the press is uncorrected; and the text in parts is hopeless. But he alludes to the suggestion that he was the princess's lover only to fling it from him with disgust. His love was for his own wife, whose attachment to him is the finest feature in the whole of this distracted story. The Princess of Eboli he worshipped as a being beyond his sphere. He spoke of her as "a jewel enamelled in the rarest graces of nature and fortune." To her husband he owed all that he had become, and he repaid his debt by helping his widow in her difficulties. He made her large advances of money, he collected her rents from Italy; she in turn made him handsome presents; but that either with the king or with Perez the princess had any personal intrigue is a romantic imagination like the legend of Don Carlos and his stepmother.†

It was but natural, under the circum-

stances, that the Mendoza family should bear no love to Perez, because in the feuds which had arisen he was taking the princess's side. The Prince of Melito had threatened to run him through the body. The Marquess de Fabara and the Conde de Cifuentes called one day on the princess, and were kept waiting because she was closeted with the secretary. Both of them thought that such a fellow was not fit to live. Escovedo, it came out, had taken the opposite side to Perez. He, too, had been brought up by Ruy Gomez, and claimed a right to interfere in defence of his old master's honor. He disapproved of the acquaintance; he said that it must and should be put an end to; and he spoke to the princess with so rude a tongue, that she called him a foul-mouthed villain.

A quarrel of this kind explains the ease with which Perez consented to kill Escovedo. We know no actual good of Perez, and there would have been nothing surprising if, out of revenge, he really had misled the king into thinking Escovedo more guilty than he was. But the attempt to prove it broke down; Philip had been influenced by Don John's and Escovedo's own despatches, which had been deciphered by another hand; and never to the last felt certain that his secretary had in this matter deceived him. Some personal resentment there was, and the princess was in some way the occasion of it, but in fact Philip's conduct requires no secret passion to make it intelligible. He did not doubt, at least at first, that he had done right, but he was unwilling to admit the truth. He had to maintain his respectability, and, therefore, would not try to prevent the Escovedos and their friends from prosecuting their complaints, and he was not ill-pleased that their suspicions should run wide of himself, and fasten in a quarter where he knew that there was nothing to be discovered. It was just the course which small, commonplace cunning would naturally pursue. The Marquis de los Velez could not understand it; he did not like the look of things, and applied for the governorship of Peru; Perez offered to retire from the public service and satisfy his enemies thus: but the king refused to accept Perez's resignation; he said that he could not spare him; he reiterated, on the word of a gentleman, "that he would never forsake him, and that Perez knew his word could be depended on."

More and more loudly Vasquez and the Escovedos demanded a trial. The king

* "Por vivir el Rey ofendido de la antigua y continua duracion de la entereza de la Princesa de Eboli haciendola menosprecio."—*Relacion de Antonio Perez*.

† There is no evidence for it except what is supposed to lie in the letter of Antonio Perez to his Gran Personage, which formed part of his public defence. What that letter means it is impossible to say, or even what it was intended to suggest. Perez says that the king disapproved of the intimacy between himself and the princess, and that there was a mystery connected with this. But a mystery is not necessarily a love affair, nor does it follow that there was a mystery because such a person as Perez wished to make himself interesting by hinting at one.

could not directly refuse. Perez himself advised acquiescence; the actual assassins, he said, were beyond reach of discovery; there was no evidence; he was ready to face the prosecution; the name of the princess need not be mentioned. Philip, however, had a conscience above perjury; he was not ashamed to admit what he had done, if it was known only to discreet persons who could be safely trusted. The case was to be heard before the High Court of Castile. The king sent for Don Antonio de Pazos, who was then president, told him everything, and asked his advice. The president thought that the prosecution must be silenced; he informed young Escovedo that if he insisted on justice he should have it, but he was accusing persons of high rank in the State; his charge, if he failed to make it good, would recoil on himself; he assured him on the word of a priest that Perez and the princess were as innocent as himself. With Vasquez the president was more peremptory. Vasquez, he said, was no relation of Escovedo's; his interference, especially as he was a priest, was gratuitous and unbecoming; on the facts he was mistaken altogether. The Escovedos yielded and promised to go no further; Vasquez was obstinate, and persisted. Public curiosity had been excited; it was felt instinctively that the king was in the secret, and there was a widespread desire to know what that secret was. Vasquez hated Perez and the princess also, and made himself the representative of the popular anxiety.

Philip had been contented that opinion should run in a false direction; and he had hoped to prevent too close an inquiry by his confidence with the president. He had failed, and he seemed to wish to silence Vasquez, and, if possible, to reconcile him with the princess whom he had calumniated. But now the difficulty was on her side. She, the greatest lady in Spain after the queen, had been insulted and slandered; it was not for her to leave a cloud upon her name by stooping to take the hand of her accuser. The cardinal archbishop of Toledo was sent to reason with her, but the archbishop was too much of her own opinion to make an impression on her indignation. She had already a long catalogue of grievances, and this last insult was too much. She wrote Philip a letter which he showed to Perez, and Perez preserved it.

Señor, — Your Majesty has commanded the Cardinal of Toledo to speak with me in the matter of Antonio Perez. Mattheo Vasquez

and his friends have said openly that all who enter my house lose your favor. They have stated also that Antonio Perez killed Escovedo on my account; that he was under so many obligations to my family, that he would do whatever I asked him. They have published abroad these speeches; and I require your Majesty, as a king and a gentleman, to take such notice of this conduct as the world shall hear of. If your Majesty declines, if the honor of my house is to be sacrificed, as our property has been sacrificed, if this is to be the reward of the long and faithful services of my ancestors, be it so. I have discharged my conscience; self-respect forbids me to say more.

I write to your Majesty in resentment at the offences which I have received, and I write in confidence, supposing myself to be addressing a gentleman.

The president presses me about a letter, which I wrote to your Majesty, touching bribes taken by — (word omitted). I am charged with having said something of the Duke of —. My character suffers from these tokens of your Majesty's goodwill. Though justice is on my side, my suit is before a tainted tribunal; I shall lose it and be put out of possession. When I ask the president why he acts thus towards me, he says that your Majesty will have it so. Melchior de Herrera (?) allows that I am right; but he swears me to this and that, and pretends that it is your pleasure. You have sent him a memorial from Don Inigo.* Why am I to be twice memorialized? It is important to me to withdraw the security under which I and my children are bound for Don Inigo. He has broken his obligations, and may leave Valladolid. Antonio de Padilla confesses that it is so; but your Majesty forbids him to interfere. If this is true, I may as well abandon my suit, and my children too. This is the natural conclusion from the position which you assume towards me. When I reflect what my husband's merits were, such treatment would make me lose my senses did I not need them all to guard myself from this Moorish cur (Mattheo Vasquez) whom your Majesty keeps in your service. I demand that neither I nor any of mine may be placed in that man's power.

I have given this letter, though it strays far beyond our immediate subject, because it shows how imperfectly the circumstances are known to us which surround the story; and how idle it is for us to indulge imagination beyond what is written. Long avenues of questions lie open before us, which must remain forever unanswered, yet in the answer to which alone can lie a complete explanation of the relations between the Princess of Eboli and the king of Spain.

Submit to be reconciled with the "Moorish cur" it was plain she would

* Inigo de Mendoza, Marquis of Almenara.

not. He had circulated slanders against her in the court, and she insisted that he should withdraw them.* Perez was obstinate, too, for his honor was touched. The Archbishop of Toledo and the king's special preacher, Fray Hernando de Castillo, stood by them, and the quarrel had gone into a new form. Philip's position was a ridiculous one. If Vasquez persisted in prosecuting Perez before a judge who was acquainted with the truth, it was scarcely possible that the truth would be unrevealed. Secretary Vasquez is a dark figure. The letter of the princess shows that Philip was secretly employing this

* This article had been written, and was partly in type, before I had seen the interesting work, lately published, on the Princess of Eboli, by Don Gaspar Moro. Although the documents discovered by Don Gaspar have added largely to our knowledge of the secret history of the princess, I have found it unnecessary to withdraw or alter any opinion which I had formed. I have had the pleasure of finding my own conjectures for the most part confirmed and converted into certainties by evidence not open to dispute. Don Gaspar has disproved conclusively the imagined *liaison* between the princess and Philip the Second. He continues to believe that improper relations existed between her and Antonio Perez; but as he alleges nothing fresh in proof of it beyond what was already known, I look on this as no more than part of the old legend which has continued to adhere to Don Gaspar with no more authority for it than tradition. The passionate love which existed between Perez and his own wife is inconsistent with a belief, at least on her part, that any such relation had been formed. . . . Be this as it may, however, Don Gaspar has proved that the jealousy of which Perez speaks, as having governed Philip's conduct, was no jealousy of the preference of Perez to himself by the princess, but a jealousy of the influence of a woman with whom he was on the worst possible terms over his own secretary. . . . Don Gaspar has found and printed more than a hundred letters of Mattheo Vasquez, whose connection with the Escovedo prosecution was so close, and had hitherto been so unintelligible. The crown was in some way interested in the great law suits which the princess was carrying on. In all that related to her Mattheo Vasquez was as deep in Philip's confidence as Antonio Perez in the wider world of politics. His relations with each of them were carefully concealed from the other. Perez had no suspicion that Mattheo Vasquez was employed by his master against the princess. Mattheo Vasquez guessed as little that his master had ordered Perez to assassinate Escovedo: and thus Philip himself, by his passion for secrecy, and for what he regarded as skilful management, had entangled his two secretaries in a furious antagonism. Perez had no knowledge how far Philip had engaged himself in the Eboli litigation. To him Mattheo Vasquez appeared to have thrown himself gratuitously into the quarrel. The king was irritated at Perez for unconsciously thwarting him by taking up the princess's cause. Mattheo who, evidently from his letter, hated the princess, had almost succeeded in dragging into light his master's complicity with Escovedo's murder, by his innocent belief that Perez and the princess were the guilty parties, and that the cause of the murder was resentment at the part which Escovedo had taken in attempting to separate the princess from Perez. Not a hint, not a suggestion of any love-scandal appears in the whole of the correspondence. Some great question was at issue, the very nature of which cannot now be accurately made out, on which the court was divided, and which was enveloped in a network of intrigue—the king sitting in the middle of it, playing the part of Providence with the best intention with extremely limited ability, and with the most unfortunate results—for he affected especially to imitate Providence in the secrecy of its methods; and secrecy is only safe to a judgment which cannot err.

man in various matters in which she supposed herself to be wronged, and there were reasons for his conduct at which, with our imperfect knowledge, it is idle to guess. Consulting no one but his confessor, he gave orders for the arrest both of Perez and of the princess also, and on the 29th of July, 1579, they were ordered into separate confinement. The lady's relations, it is likely, required no explanations, but for form's sake Philip offered them. The same night he wrote to the Duke of Infantado and to Medina Sidonia. A dispute had arisen, he said, between his two secretaries, Antonio Perez and Mattheo Vasquez, with which the princess was concerned. She had complained to him unreasonably, and his confessor had vainly endeavored to persuade her to be reconciled to Vasquez. She had been committed, therefore, to the fortress of Pinto, and he had thought it right to give them immediate information. The resentment of the Duke of Infantado was not likely to be deep; Medina Sidonia replied coolly that so wise a sovereign had doubtless good reason for his actions. He was himself laid up with gout, and the pain was in his mind as well as in his body. He trusted that his Majesty would be gracious to the princess, and that the grace would be even more marked than the punishment.

The Cardinal of Toledo called the next morning on Juana de Coello, Perez's wife. He told her from the king that she was not to be alarmed. Her husband's life was in no danger, nor his honor either. The imprisonment was a mere matter of precaution to prevent other mischiefs.

The princess now drops out of the scene. Philip informed her that if she would undertake to hold no more communication with Perez, she would be received to favor, and might return to the court. She replied that if Perez ever wrote to her or sent her a message, the king should know of it. But this was not satisfactory. After a brief confinement she was allowed to retire to her castle at Pastrana, and there without further disturbance she remained to the end of her life.

Meanwhile, if Philip's object had been to stop the prosecution for Escovedo's murder, and to divert suspicion from himself, both purposes had been attained. Mattheo Vasquez must have been satisfied, for his name was never mentioned again. Popular opinion had accused Perez of having committed the murder at the princess's instigation. Their simul-

taneous arrest led to a general belief that the suspicion was not unfounded. If the king had made a second confidant of Vasquez, and had concerted the details of the comedy with him, the result, at least for a time, did credit to his ingenuity. Perez's fault, whatever it had been, was not to appear unpardonable. He was left four months in charge of the *alcalde* of the court. He was treated with kindness, and even distinction, and was permitted to have his children with him. In the November following he became unwell, and was permitted further to return to his own house, though still as a prisoner. Next he was required to sign a bond of *pleytohomenage*, by which he and Mattheo Vasquez engaged as king's vassals not to injure each other. The guard was then removed. He recovered his freedom and resumed his duties as secretary to the Council of State, though no longer as confidential secretary to the king. The whole matter seemed to have been thus wound up, and public interest was soon directed on worthier objects. The death of Don Sebastian in Africa had left vacant the Portuguese throne. Philip took possession of the succession as the nearest heir. The Duke of Alba with a few skilful movements disposed of the pretender. Philip went to Lisbon to be installed as sovereign, and in the glory of this grand achievement Escovedo's assassination might have gone the way of other scandals.

But, as Perez said, "it was a thing which had no beginning and could have no end." A cloud still hung over him, and his slightest movements were watched. The Princess of Eboli sent him presents from Pastrafia. It was immediately reported to Philip. He had many friends, the Cardinal of Toledo, and "grandeess" of highest rank. They came often to see him, but he was forbidden to return their visits. Philip evidently chose that a sinister suspicion should still remain attached to him. Antonio de Pazos, the president of Castille, knew the whole story, for the king had told him. Juana de Coello complained to him of her husband's treatment, and insisted that his reputation ought to be cleared. The president was of the same opinion, and wrote to the king. "If Antonio Perez has committed a crime," he said, "give him a formal trial and hang him. If he is innocent, let him go on his good behavior, and if he offends again, punish him."

The king answered: "If the matter were of a kind which would allow a judi-

cial process, it should have been ordered from the first day. You must tell the woman to be quiet; no change is possible at present."

"Time," Philip used to say, "cures all evils." "Time and I never fail." And so he went on trusting to time when time could not help him.

Perez had friends, but he had enemies also. Mattheo Vasquez had withdrawn, but others had taken his place, and Philip's ambiguities encouraged them. Among these were the powerful Mendozas. Perez had managed the princess's money affairs. He had jewels in his charge and other things also which they conceived to belong to them. His habits were luxurious, and remained so in spite of his semi-disgrace. His palace, his plate, his furniture, his equipments, and entertainments were the most splendid in Madrid. He gambled also; perhaps he won, perhaps he lost; in either case it was a reproach. How, men asked, could Antonio Perez support such a vast expenditure? and the answer suggested was, of course, corruption or malversation. He had six thousand ducats a year from his offices; but the Archbishop of Seville, a friendly witness, said that he must be spending fifteen or twenty thousand. The king was advised to order an inquiry into the accounts of all the public offices, and of Perez's, of course, among them. A "lion's mouth," like that at Venice, was opened for secret information, and was not long in want of sustenance. Accusations poured in as venomous as hatred could distil. Rodrigo Vasquez de Arce,* who became president of the High Court, conducted the investigation of them, and the result was not favorable to Perez. Undoubtedly he had received sums of money from all parts of the empire to expedite business, just as Bacon did in England, and as high officials everywhere were then in the habit of doing. They looked on such things as recognized perquisites so long as nothing was said about them; but gratuities were formally prohibited, and, when exposed, were incapable of defence.

On the report being presented, Philip allowed Perez to be prosecuted for corrupt practices, and it was then that, at a venture, he was accused further of having altered ciphered despatches.

No one knew better than Philip that, under the arrangements of his cabinet, the

* It does not appear whether he was a relation of Mattheo Vasquez.

alteration of despatches without his own knowledge was impossible. Perez wrote to Philip to remonstrate. "He could not answer such a charge," he said, "without producing his papers," and among them the king's own notes upon Escovedo's death. The confessor was sent to see these papers, and, having read them, could only recommend his master to let the charge fall. As to corrupt practices, he advised Perez to make no defence, and assured him that he should not be condemned in the value of a pair of gloves. The sentence went beyond the pair of gloves. Perez was suspended from his office for ten years. He was to suffer two years' imprisonment, and was to pay besides thirty thousand ducats, half to the crown, and half to the family of the Princess of Eboli, as property belonging to them which he had unlawfully appropriated.

This judgment was delivered on the 23rd of January, 1585. It was not published; nor is it certain how much of it was enforced. But there were reasons why, at that moment, the sentence of imprisonment was convenient. The Escovedo business was bursting up again. Enriquez, the page, who had assisted at the murder, had let fall incautious speeches. The president, Rodrigo Vasquez, took the subject into the scope of his inquiries. He sent for Enriquez and examined him. On his evidence Diego Martinez was arrested also. If these two could be induced to tell the truth, the proofs against Perez would be complete. He might produce his papers, but in a close court the judges might refuse to receive or look at them to save the king's credit; and Perez would certainly be executed. The king was just then going down to Arragon for the opening of the Cortes. In Arragon trials were public, with equal justice between king and subject. Perez, himself an Arragonese, if left free might follow the king thither, and put himself under the protection of the laws. There certainly, if not in Madrid, his exculpation would be heard. It was therefore determined that he should be at once arrested, and a guard was sent to his house to take him.

Perez from first to last had an honest friend at the court, Cardinal Quiroga, Archbishop of Toledo. The archbishop saw, or feared, that Perez was about to be sacrificed, and his sense of equity, though he was grand inquisitor, was outraged. He recommended Perez to take sanctuary. He would then be a prisoner of

the Church, and his case would be heard in the Holy Office. The Inquisition had already denounced Philip's method of removing doubtful subjects. It would stand by Perez now and prevent a scandalous crime.

Perez took the cardinal's advice and fled to the nearest church. But the crown officials were determined to have him, and the sanctuary was not respected. The church door was burst in; he was torn out of his hiding-place, and carried off again to a State prison. His property was sequestrated, his papers were seized, and the nuncio, when he protested, was threatened with dismissal. Henry the Eighth himself could not have been more peremptory in his contempt of sacred privileges than the ministers of the Most Catholic king. The documents were at once examined. The secret correspondence was found absent. Juana de Coello was supposed to have it; and to extort it from her, she and her children were carried off also, and confined in the same castle with her husband. It was true that she had some part of the private papers, and threats of torture could not wring them from her till she had ascertained that those of most special consequence were not among them. She found some one who would take a note to her husband. Being without ink she wrote it with her blood. The answer came back that she might deliver the papers without fear, the Escovedo notes being secured elsewhere. She mentioned where the boxes would be found. The king's confessor himself came to her to receive the keys. He, too, had some sense remaining of right and wrong, and he told her that if Perez was troubled any further, he would himself go *como un loco*, like a madman, into the Plaza, and proclaim the truth to all the world.

The boxes being surrendered, Juana de Coello and the children were sent home, there being no longer occasion for keeping them. As the confessor was going off, she could not help telling him that there were still a few papers reserved. The king, when he came to look, must have discovered that this was fatally true. All else was in its place, even to the most secret ciphered correspondence; but the fifty or sixty especial letters, which he knew himself to have written, about Escovedo, and knew also that Perez had preserved — these were not to be discovered. That, if he had got possession of these letters, Philip would have allowed Perez to be tried and executed, is not cer-

tain; but it may have been well for him that he was not exposed to the temptation. As matters stood, the judges might refuse to admit the letters, and pass sentence on the evidence. But Juana de Coello could carry the damning records into Arragon, or across the frontier, and publish them; and all Europe would cry out "Shame!" Nor was the Church idle. The Church authorities, with the pope behind them, demanded that Perez should be restored to sanctuary. Worried, impatient, cursing the day that he had ever blundered into so detestable a quagmire, the king again paused. Once more the prison doors were opened; once more Perez was brought back to Madrid, and lodged in a handsome house with his family. Evidently the unfortunate king was at his wits' end, without having discovered what course to choose. Perez went to church for mass. The great people came as before to show him countenance. He himself addressed many letters to the king, which were carefully read, if not answered. The Archbishop of Toledo, in particular, was confident that all would be well. The attitude of the Church alone would suffice to protect him. The president Rodrigo would have gone on gladly with the trial, but obstacles were continually arising. Some one asked him what was to be done. "How can I tell you?" he replied. "One day the king says go on, the next he says hold back. There is a mystery which I cannot make out."

Fourteen months thus drifted away. At the end of them the king could hold out no longer. There was still but a single witness, for Diego Martinez had continued staunch. He could not be depended upon, perhaps, if he was tortured, but torture could not be used without the king's permission. Philip wrote to Perez telling him generally that he might rely on his protection, but without saying what steps he was prepared to take. Perez was brought to trial at last before President Rodrigo. Perez stood upon his innocence, denied that he had murdered Escovedo, and denied all knowledge of the matter. Enriquez gave his evidence with correctness; but Diego Martinez, who was confronted with him, said he was a liar, and his story a fabrication. Conviction on such terms was not to be had. Perez's papers were handed to President Rodrigo to be examined. He searched them through, but found nothing to the purpose. Perez, after all, would probably have been acquitted, but for the intervention of a *deus ex machina*, Philip him-

self, who interposed in a manner the most unlooked for. This is the most extraordinary feature in the whole extraordinary story. Philip, it might have been thought, would have welcomed Perez's acquittal as the happiest escape from his embarrassments; but it seems that his conscience was really disturbed at the success of deliberate perjury. Just as it became clear that the prosecution had failed, and that Perez, whether guilty or not, could not be pronounced guilty without a violation of the laws, Philip's confessor, as if from himself, but of course with his master's sanction, wrote to him to say that although he had killed Escovedo, he had a complete defence for it. When the truth was known, his character would be cleared. He advised him, therefore, to make a complete confession, and at once say that he had acted by the king's order.

This was written on the 3rd of September, the year after the defeat of the Armada. Through all that famous enterprise, from its first conception to the final catastrophe, this mean business had simmered on, and was at last at boiling point.

Well as Perez knew his master, he was not prepared for this last move. What could it mean? The king had promised to stand by him. But if he confessed, his guilt would be clear. He might say what he pleased, but the judges might hang him notwithstanding. There was Diego Martinez, too, to be thought of. He would be hanged at any rate. So long as the proof was deficient, confession would be insanity. The king, besides, had positively ordered that his name should not be introduced.

In this tone he replied to Diego de Chaves; but the confessor stood to his opinion. Evidently he had consulted Philip again.

"The plain course for you," he answered, "is to say directly that you had the king's orders for Escovedo's death. You need not enter on the reasons. You ought not to make a false oath in a court of justice; and if you have done so already you ought not to persevere in it. Where there has been no fault there can be no punishment, and confession will only show the innocence of yourself and your accomplice. When the truth is out, the wound will heal, and his Majesty will have given the Escovedo family the justice which they demand. If they persist after this, they can be silenced or banished. Only, once more, the causes which led the king to act as he did are not to be mentioned."

M. Mignet considers that these letters were written to tempt Perez to a confession, in order that he might be destroyed. The judges would ask for proof, and, having lost his papers, he would be unable to produce it. The answer is simple. Both Philip and the confessor were aware that the compromising letters were still in possession of either Perez or his wife. Perez, who was not troubled about perjury, thought it safer to risk an uncertainty than to act as the confessor advised. To confess was to place his life in the judges' hands. He could feel no certainty that the king's orders would be held a sufficient authority. Philip's conduct had been strange from the beginning, and kings' consciences are not like the consciences of private individuals. They may profess to wish one thing, while their duty as sovereigns requires another. There was another alternative; the Escovedos, who were now the only prosecutors, might agree to a compromise. Perez proposed it to the confessor; the confessor permitted Perez to try, if the king was not to be a party to the transaction; overtures were made, and were successful. The Escovedo family consented to withdraw their suit on receiving twenty thousand ducats.

This seemed like the end; and if there had been nothing more in Escovedo's death than an ordinary murder, the compensation would have been held sufficient, and the end would have really come. But behind the private wrong there was a great question at issue, whether the sovereign had or had not a right to make away with his subjects when he believed them criminal, because for reasons of State it was inexpedient to bring them to trial. Though Castile had no longer constitutional rights like Arragon, a high-minded people (as the Castilians were) had a regard for their own security. The doctrine had been condemned by the Holy Office, and the judges can have liked it as little.

The opportunity of bringing the matter to a point was not to be lost. The president Rodrigo wrote to Philip that his reputation was at stake. The prosecution had been dropped, but the world was convinced, notwithstanding, that the murder had been committed by his order. It concerned his honor that Perez should explain why that order had been given. He begged the king to send him an instruction in the following terms: "Tell Antonio Perez, in my name, that, as he knows the causes for which I commanded

him to kill Escovedo, I desire him to declare what those causes were."

M. Mignet adheres to his opinion that Perez was to be betrayed; that, being without his papers, he must fail to prove what he was required to reveal, and could then be executed as a slanderer and an assassin. It might be difficult for him to recall satisfactorily a condition of things which was now buried under the incidents of twelve eventful years. But there is no occasion to suspect Philip of such deliberate treachery. The stages through which his mind had passed can easily be traced. He never doubted the righteousness of Escovedo's execution; but he had been afraid to irritate his brother, and had therefore wished his own part in it to be concealed. Therefore, when Perez was first suspected, he had not come forward to protect him; and therefore also he had connived at the direction of the suspicion on the Princess of Eboli. A long time had passed away, Don John was gone, the aspect of Europe had changed. He had no longer the same reluctance to admit that he had ordered the murder; but he had bidden Perez be silent about the causes, because, though sufficient for his own conscience, it would be hard, when circumstances were so much altered, to make them intelligible to others. The Spaniards of 1590, smarting under the destruction of the Armada, might well have thought if Don John and the Duke of Guise had tried the "enterprise" together, when the Queen of Scots was alive, so many of their homes would not then have been desolate.

But public opinion was excited. The compromise of the prosecution seemed to imply that there was something disgraceful behind. A secret half revealed is generally more dangerous than the truth; and thus, when called on by the judges to direct Perez to make a full confession, he felt that it was better to consent.

This explanation seems sufficient, without looking for sinister motives. The order was written, and Perez was required to obey.

It might have been thought that he would have seen in such an order the easiest escape from his troubles. To speak was to be acquitted (at least morally) of a worse crime than of having been a too faithful servant. But it is likely that he did feel it would be difficult for him to make out a satisfactory case. He could produce the king's instructions, and could describe the motives in general terms. But State reasons for irregular

actions are always looked askance at, and loyal subjects are inclined to excuse their sovereigns at the expense of their advisers. Perez might naturally fear that he would be accused of having misled the king, perhaps through malice. This view was taken of the case by the Archbishop of Toledo. "Señor," he said to the confessor when he heard of this fresh command, "either I am mad or this whole affair is mad. If the king bade Perez kill Escovedo, why does he ask for the causes? The king knew them at the time. Perez was not Escovedo's judge. He placed before the king certain despatches. The king directed a course to be taken upon them, and Perez obeyed. Now after twelve years, without his papers, with so many persons gone who could have given evidence, he is asked for explanations. Give him back his papers, bring back five hundred persons now dead out of their graves; and even then he will not be able to do it."

The archbishop protested, the nuncio protested. Juana de Coello and Perez's children wept and clamored; but President Rodrigo, with the king's orders in his hand, persisted that Perez should speak. Three times successively, in the course of a month, he was brought into court, and he remained stubborn. He says that he would not confess, because the king had personally ordered him to be silent, and that a written form could not supersede an immediate direction, without a private intimation that it was to be obeyed. This is evidently an insufficient explanation. He must have felt that if he detailed the causes for the murder he admitted the fact; and that if he admitted the fact he might be sacrificed.

But the king was determined that the whole truth should be told at last, and that, as he could not tell it himself, it should be told by Perez. After a month's resistance, the question was applied in earnest. Perez was tortured. He broke down under the pain, and told all. It was then that Doña Juana appealed to God against Diego de Chaves in the Dominican chapel. It was then that Doña Gregoria dared President Rodrigo in his hall. What the king or the judges had intended to do next, is mere conjecture. Diego Martinez, when his master had spoken, confessed also. He was not punished, and Perez perhaps would not have been punished either. The judges might have been contented with the exposure. But Perez did not care to tempt fortune or Philip's humors further. His

wife was allowed to visit him in prison. He escaped disguised in her clothes. Horses were waiting, he rode for his life to Arragon, and the next day was safe beyond the frontier.

So ends the first part of the *tragi-comedy*. The next opened on another stage and with wider issues.

The *Fueros* or "*Liberties*" of Arragon were the only surviving remnant of the free institutions of the peninsula. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the two Castiles, Valencia, Granada, and Arragon had their separate administrations and their separate legislatures. The great cities had their municipal corporations, while Portugal till within ten years had been an independent kingdom. One by one they had been absorbed. Arragon remained still free, but with a freedom which had been found inconvenient at Madrid, and was undervalued by the most powerful of the Arragonese nobles themselves. The tendency of the age was towards centralization, and the tenure of the *Fueros* had been growing yearly more precarious. Isabella had been impatient for a revolt which would give her an excuse for extinguishing them. The Duke of Alba more lately, on some provocation, said that with three or four thousand of his old soldiers he would make the king's authority supreme. Such as it was, however, the constitution still subsisted, being supported chiefly by the populace of the towns, who, as long as noise and clamor were sufficient, were the enthusiastic champions of their national privileges. A council for the administration of the province sat at Madrid, but its powers were limited to advice. The Cortes met annually at Saragossa to vote the taxes, but the king could neither pro-rogue nor dissolve them without their own consent. A committee of the Cortes carried on the government, and in the intervals of the sessions remained in office. The Arragonese had their own laws, their own judges, their own police, their own prisons; and no "alien" armed force was permitted within their boundaries. The grand justiciary, the highest executive officer, was nominated by the king, but could not be deprived by him. A royal commissioner resided in Saragossa, to observe and to report, to act in cases to which the crown was a party, perhaps irregularly to distribute favors and influence opinion. But this was the limit of his interference. The commissioner in the year 1590 was Inigo de Mendoza, Marquis of Almenara, the cousin and

the chief antagonist of the Princess of Eboli.

Such was Arragon when Antonio Perez sought an asylum in the land of his fathers. He professed to have been tortured till his limbs were disabled, but he was able to ride without resting till he had crossed the frontier and had reached Calatayud. He made no effort, perhaps he was too weak, to go further, and he took refuge in a Dominican convent. Within ten hours of his arrival an express came in from Madrid to a private gentleman, Don Manuel Zapata, with orders to take him, dead or alive, and send him back to his master. Perez says that when his flight was known at the court, there was general satisfaction. "Uncle Martin," the palace jester, said to Philip the next morning, "Sir, all the world rejoices at the escape of Antonio Perez; he cannot be very wicked; you should rejoice too." Philip did not rejoice at all. He had put himself in the power of one of his subjects, and he did not choose to remain any longer in so degrading a position. When he had been himself willing to submit his conduct to a judicial inquiry, Perez, who had less to fear if he had been acting uprightly, had shown so much unwillingness that he possibly may have now doubted whether Escovedo's conduct had not been properly represented to him. Perez had fled, carrying the compromising documents along with him; he was probably on his way to France, to delight Philip's enemies with the sight of them, and with the tale of his own wrongs.

Anticipating pursuit, Perez had sent a friend, Gil de Mesa, to the grand justiciary, to signify his arrival, and to put himself under the protection of the law. Meanwhile, the town mob at Calatayud rose in his defence, and when Don Manuel arrived at the monastery he found the priests and students in arms to protect their sanctuary. Fifty soldiers arrived immediately after from Saragossa. The orders of the justiciary were to bring Perez at once to the national prison of the Manifestacion, where he was to be detained till the king could be communicated with. The reply was an order to the Marquis of Almenara to prosecute him immediately in the court of Arragon on three charges.

1. For having caused the death of Escovedo, falsely pretending the king's authority.

2. For having betrayed secrets of State and tampered with ciphered despatches.

3. For having fled from justice when

his conduct was being judicially inquired into.

If Perez had been wholly innocent, he would have felt that he had at last an opportunity of setting himself clear in the face of the world. The court would be open, the trial public, and his defence could neither be garbled nor suppressed. His reluctance was as vehement as ever, and was not concealed by his affectation of a desire to spare his master. From Calatayud, and from Saragossa afterwards, he wrote letter upon letter both to Philip and to Diego de Chaves, protesting his loyalty, entreating to be left in quiet with his wife and children; indicating that he had the means of defending himself, but hoping that he might not be forced to use them. These letters being left unanswered, he took into his confidence a distinguished Arragonese ecclesiastic, the Prior of Gotor. He showed him the mysterious papers which he had brought with him, with Philip's notes upon them. "His Majesty," he said, in his instructions to the prior, "must know that I possess these documents. They contain confidential secrets affecting others besides Escovedo; let his Majesty judge whether it is desirable that evidences should be produced in court which touch the reputation of distinguished persons, which will create a scandal throughout Europe, and will reflect on the prudence and piety of his Majesty himself. Though the confessor has taken most of my papers from me, Providence has been pleased that I should retain these, and these will suffice for my defence. If brought to trial I shall certainly be acquitted, but I prefer to save the king's reputation; my cause is now notorious, and it will not be wise to challenge the world's opinion. I have been shorn like a lamb for eleven years, and I have held my peace. My blood has been shed. I have been tortured in a dungeon, and I have remained faithful. In eight or ten days I must give in my answer. Some people tell me that I ought rather to lose my head than speak; but if I am driven to it the truth must be told."

The prior went. Philip saw him more than once, and heard what he had to say. There could be no doubt that Perez had the compromising letters, for the prior had seen them. Yet Philip's courage did not fail him. After Perez's flight the court of Castile had given judgment against him. He was to be dragged through the streets and hanged. His head was to be cut off and exposed, and all his property was to be confiscated. The answer to the mis-

sion of the Prior of Gotor was the publication of his sentence.

Perez thus driven to bay took up the challenge. He drew a memorial containing his own account of the causes of Escovedo's murder. He attached to it such notes as sufficed to prove the king's complicity, reserving others in case of future necessity; and this was publicly presented as his reply to the Marquis of Almenara. The king had probably expected that the judges of Arragon would not lightly accept so grave a charge against their sovereign; that they would respect the sentence of the better informed court of Castile, and would understand that there was something behind which was left unexplained. But Arragon was excited, and chose to show its independence. After the admission of the memorial Don Inigo sent word to the king, that if no further evidence were produced, Perez would certainly be acquitted. The king believed that he had other resources at his disposition by which complete defeat could be avoided, and at the last moment directed that the case before the grand justiciary should be abandoned. "If," said Philip, "it was possible to reply with the same publicity which Perez has given to his defence, his guilt would be proved, and he would be condemned. Throughout this whole affair I have considered only the public good. The long imprisonment of Perez, the entire course which the cause has taken, has had no other object. Abusing my clemency, and afraid of the issue, he so defends himself that to answer him I must publish secrets which ought not to be revealed, and involve persons whose reputation is of more consequence than the punishment of a single offender. Therefore, I shall go no further with the prosecution in the court of Arragon. I declare Perez to have sinned worse than ever vassal sinned before against his sovereign — both in time, form, and circumstance; and I desire this my declaration to be entered with my notice of withdrawal. Truth, which I have always maintained, must suffer no injury. And I reserve such rights as appertain, or may appertain to me, of bringing the offender to account for his crimes in any other manner."

The "other manner" was through the Court of Enquesta. In the constitution of Arragon, a special reservation excluded from protection the king's servants and officials — over these the law of the province had no more authority than the king was pleased to allow — and the king under

this clause claimed to have Perez surrendered to himself. The local lawyers, however, interpreted "servants" to mean only servants in Arragon and engaged in the affairs in Arragon, not persons belonging to other countries or other provinces. Arragonese, who accepted crown employment, undertook it with their eyes open and at their own risk, and might be supposed to have consented to their exemption; such a case as that of Perez had not been contemplated. But the king had one more resource. Though acquitted, the prisoner was still detained, as if the authorities were unsatisfied of his real innocence. Perez had grown impatient, and, in his loose, vain way, had babbled to his companions in the Manifestacion, and his language had been so extravagant that it had been noted down and forwarded to the court. He had threatened to fly to France or Holland, when he would make the king repent of his treatment of him. He compared himself to Marius, who had been driven into exile and had returned to the consulship. He said that he would raise a revolt in Castile; he would bring in Henry the Fourth; he would make Arragon into a free republic like Venice. He spoke of Philip as another Pharaoh. He had ventured into more dangerous ground, and had called in question the mysteries of the faith. Some of these rash expressions have been preserved, with the solemn reflections on them of the king's confessor. The impatient wretch had said, that if God the Father allowed the king to behave so disloyally to him he would take God the Father by the nose. The confessor observes, "This proposition is blasphemous, scandalous, offensive to pious ears, and savoring of the heresy of the Vadiani, who affirmed that God was corporeal and had human members. Nor was it an excuse to say that Christ, being made man, had a nose, since the words were spoken of the First Person."

Again, Perez had said, "God is asleep in this affair of mine. If he works no miracle for me, it will go near to destroy the faith."

"This proposition," the confessor noted, "is scandalous. He has been accused of the greatest enormities; he has been tried by course of law and condemned to death, and he speaks as if he was without fault."

Worse still. Perez had gone on, "God sleeps! God sleeps! God is an idle tale; there cannot be a God!"

The confessor observes, "This proposition is heretical, as if God had no care

for human things when the Bible and the Church affirm that he has; to say that there cannot be a God *is* heresy, for though it be said in doubt, yet doubt is not allowed in matters of faith, we must believe without doubt."

Lastly, Perez had said, "If things pass thus, I cannot believe in God."

The confessor: "This is blasphemous, scandalous, and offensive, and savors of heresy also."

The confessor's ears had no doubt been outraged. Many a poor sinner had gone to the stake for less audacious utterances. For nine months after the failure with the Enquesta, Perez remained in the Manifestacion, pouring out these wild outcries. At the end of them an order came from the Holy Office at Madrid to the three inquisitors at Saragossa to take possession of his person and remove him to their own prison in the old Moorish palace of the Aljaferia.

The inquisitor-general of Spain was his old friend the Archbishop of Toledo. In Madrid the Inquisition had been well disposed towards him, and once he had thrown himself on its protection. Had he submitted voluntarily, he would probably have been safe from serious injury, and an impartial decision would have been arrived at. The Inquisition, be it remembered, was no slave of the crown, and, though a cruel guardian of orthodoxy, would not have looked too narrowly at the fretful words of a man whom the archbishop believed to have been ill used. The judges of Arragon were by this time satisfied that Perez was not entirely the martyr which he pretended to be, and that the king had something to say for himself. Philip, who appears to Protestant Europe a monster of injustice, was in Spain respected and esteemed. The grand justiciary did not wish to quarrel with the crown in a case so doubtful, still less to quarrel with the Holy Office, and was preparing quietly to comply. But Perez would not have it so, and preferred to trust to popular jealousy. A mob is always ready to listen when it is told that liberty is in danger. A story was circulated in Saragossa that the Marquis of Almenara had bribed the prisoners in the Manifestacion to send in a false account of Perez's language, that the Inquisition was claiming a right which did not belong to it, that the Fueros were being betrayed, that the Arragonese were to be made slaves of the Castilians. Symptoms showed themselves of an intended rising, and the justiciary and Don Inigo,

after a night's conference, agreed that Perez should be removed at once and without notice to the Inquisition prison. At noon on the 24th of May, 1591, he was quietly placed in a carriage at the Manifestacion gate. A knot of young men tried to stop the horses, and clamored for the constitution; but they were told that it was *cosa de fey*, an affair of religion, and that they must mind their own business. The carriage reached the Aljaferia without interruption, and Perez was in the inquisitor's hands. But on the instant Saragossa was in arms. The alarm-bell boomed out. The market-place swarmed with a furious multitude shouting "Fueros, Fueros! Libertad, Libertad!" Their plans had been already laid. Half the mob went to attack the Aljaferia, the others to the house of Philip's representative, the Marquis of Almenara. He, too, it is likely, had remembered that Perez was the friend of the Princess of Eboli, and had thrown himself into the quarrel with some degree of personal animosity. He was now to expiate his eagerness. He was urged to fly. The Mendozas, he answered, never fled. The palace door was dashed in. The justiciary, who had hurried to protect him, was thrown down and trampled on. Don Inigo was seized, dragged out, and borne away among cries of "Muera, muera! Kill him, kill him!" Stripped naked, his clothes torn off, his arms almost forced out of their sockets, struck and pelted with stones, he was at last rescued by a party of police, who carried him into the city prison. There, a fortnight after, he died of his injuries, so ending his lawsuit with the widow of Ruy Gomez.

The inquisitors at the Aljaferia had a near escape of the same fate. The walls were strong and the gates massive. But the fierce people brought faggots in cart-loads, and raised a pile which would have reduced the palace and all in it to dust and ashes. The inquisitors, they said, had burnt others; they should now burn themselves unless Perez was instantly released. The inquisitors would have held out, but the Archbishop of Saragossa, Almenara's brother, insisted that they must yield. Perez, four hours only after they had got him, was given back to his friends, and borne away in triumph.

But the mob had risen for the rights of Arragon, and not, after all, for a prisoner of whose innocence even they were unconvinced. Perez imagined himself a national hero. He had expected that the Cortes would take up his case, that he would be

allowed to present himself at the bar, and detail the story of his wrongs in Philip's own presence. The leaders of the people had formed a cooler estimate of his merits. They contented themselves with taking him back to the Manifestacion. The officials of the province went up to Madrid, to deliberate with the court what was next to be done.

For Perez personally there was no enthusiasm. If the Inquisition would acknowledge the Fueros, he could be surrendered without difficulty. The Inquisition made the necessary concessions, and Perez's own supporters now advised him to submit unreservedly. But this he did not dare to do; he tried to escape from the Manifestacion and failed. He appealed again to the mob. Broadsheets were printed and circulated declaring that the officials were betraying the Fueros, and though the chiefs of the first insurrection had withdrawn, the multitude could still be wrought upon. Unfortunately for Arragon the grand justiciary, Don Juan de Lanuza, a wise and prudent man, suddenly died. Had he lived a few weeks longer he might have saved his country, but it was not so to be. The nomination of his successor belonged to the king, but the office had by custom become hereditary in the Lanuza family; his son, a generous, hot-headed youth, claimed to act without waiting for the king's sanction, and, fatally for himself, was ruled or influenced by his uncle, Don Martin, who was Perez's most intimate ally. The officials had returned from the court. The Council of Saragossa had decided that Perez should be restored to the Holy Office. The removal was to be effected on the following morning, the 24th of September; but when the morning came the mob were out again. The Manifestacion was broken open, the council room was set on fire, and Perez was set at liberty. It was understood, however, that he was not to remain any longer at Saragossa to be a future occasion of quarrel. He was escorted a league out of the city on the road to the Pyrenees, and he was made to know that if he returned he would not be protected. He did return; he pretended that the roads were unsafe, but he came back in secret, and in the closest disguise, and lay concealed in Don Martin's house till it could be seen how the king would act.

Constitutional governments which cannot govern are near their end. When the intelligent and the educated part of the population are superseded by the mob,

they cannot continue zealous for forms of freedom which to them are slavery. The mob has usurped the power; if it can defend its actions successfully, it makes good the authority which it has seized; if it fails, the blame is with itself. The Arragon executive had protected Perez on his arrival in the province, they had given him the means of making an open defence, and, so far as their own Council could decide in his cause, they had pronounced him acquitted. But there were charges against him which could not be openly pleaded, and his innocence was not so clear that it would be right as yet to risk a civil war in a case so ambiguous. The judges considered that enough had been done. The mob and the young justiciary thought otherwise, and with them the responsibility rested.

Philip was in no hurry. Ten thousand men were collected quietly on the frontier under Don Alonzo de Vargas. The sentiments of the principal persons were sounded, and it was ascertained that from those who could offer serious resistance there was none to be anticipated. Liberty had lost its attractions when it meant the protection of criminals by the town rabble. That the mob had shaken themselves clear of Perez made little difference to Philip, for they had taken him by force out of prison. The middle-class citizens, who still prized their constitution, believed, on the other hand, or at least some of them believed, that the king had no longer an excuse for interfering with them. Philip so far respected their alarm that before he ordered the advance of the troops he sent out a proclamation that the constitution would not be disturbed; and possibly, if there had been no opposition, he would have found his course less clear. But the more eager spirits could not be restrained; the nobles held aloof; the young justiciary, however, was ardent and enthusiastic—he was compromised besides, for he had taken office without waiting for the king's permission. The invasion was an open breach of the Fueros. He called the citizens of Saragossa to arms, and sent appeals for help to Barcelona and the other towns.

There was no response—a sufficient proof either that the province was indifferent, or that the cause was regarded as a bad one. Lanuza led out a tattered multitude of shopkeepers and workmen to meet the Castilians; but, though brave enough in a city insurrection, they had no stomach for fighting with a disciplined force. They turned and scattered without

a blow, and Alonzo de Vargas entered Saragossa, the 12th of November, 1591.

The modern doctrine, that political offences are virtues in disguise, was not yet the creed even of the most advanced philosophers. The Saragossa rabble had resisted the lawful authorities of the province. They had stormed a prison; they had murdered the king's representative; fatalest of all, they had taken arms for liberty, and had wanted courage to fight for it. The justiciary was executed, and fifteen or twenty other persons. The attack on the Aljaferia was an act of sacrilege, and the wrongs of the Inquisition were avenged more severely. A hundred and twenty-three of the most prominent of the mob were arrested. Of these seventy-nine were burnt in the market-place. The ceremony began at eight in the morning. It closed at night, when there was no light but from the blazing faggots; the last figure that was consumed was the effigy of Antonio Perez, the original cause of the catastrophe. The punishment being concluded, the constitution was abolished. The armed resistance was held to have dispensed with Philip's promises, and the Fueros of Arragon were at an end.

Perez himself escaped on the night on which the Castilians entered, and made his way through the Pyrenees to Pau. He published a narrative of his sufferings—that is, his own version of them, with the further incriminating documents which the Protestant world at once received with greedy acclamations. Much of it was true; much might have worn another complexion, if the other side had been told. But Philip never condescended to reply. Perez was taken up by Henry the Fourth, pensioned, trusted, and employed so long as the war with Spain continued. He was sent into England. He was received by Elizabeth; entertained by Essex, and admitted into acquaintance by Francis Bacon—not with the approval of Bacon's mother, who disliked him from the first. He was plausible; he was polished; he was acute. He had been so long intimately acquainted with Spanish secrets, that his information was always useful and often of the highest value. But he was untrue at the heart. Even his own "*Relacion*" is in many points inconsistent with itself, and betrays the inward hollowness; while his estimate of his own merits went beyond what his most foolish friends could believe or acknowledge. Gradually he was seen through both in Paris and London. When peace came he was thrown aside, and sank

into neglect and poverty. He attempted often, but always fruitlessly, to obtain his pardon from Philip the Third, and eventually died miserably in a Paris lodging, a worn-out old man of seventy-two, on the 3rd of November, 1611.

So ends the story of a man who, if his personal merits alone were concerned, might have been left forgotten among the unnumbered millions who have played their chequered parts on the stage of the world. Circumstances, and the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century, converted Philip in the eyes of half Europe into a malignant demon. The darkest interpretations were thrown upon every unexplained action which he committed; and Antonio Perez became the hero of a romance fitter for a third-rate theatre than the pages of accredited history. The imaginative features of it have now disappeared, but there remains an instructive picture of Philip's real character. He said that he had been guided throughout by no motive save concern for the public welfare, and there is no reason to suppose that he was saying anything except what he believed to be true; yet he so acted as to invite suspicion in every step which he took.

Escovedo, as his conduct was represented, deserved to be punished, perhaps to be punished severely. To prosecute him publicly would have been doubtless inconvenient; and Philip, without giving him an opportunity of defending himself, undertook the part of a secret providence, and allowed him to be struck in the dark without explaining his reasons. Providence does not permit vain mortals, even though they be Catholic kings, to usurp a jurisdiction which is reserved for itself. It punished Philip by throwing him into the power of an unscrupulous intriguer, who had, perhaps, in some measure really misled him on the extent of Escovedo's faults.

He tried to extricate himself, but he was entangled in the net which his own hands had woven; and, when Perez refused to assist him, and preferred to keep him struggling at his mercy, he was driven to measures which could be represented to the world as a base persecution of the instrument of his own crimes. Thus out of an unwise ambition to exercise the attributes of omniscience, the poor king laid himself open to groundless accusations, and the worst motives which could be supposed to have actuated him were those which found easiest credit.

But the legend of the loves of Philip

the Second and the Princess of Eboli was not of Spanish growth. The "*Relacion*" of Perez was read in the peninsula, but it did not shake the confidence with which Philip was regarded by his subjects. The Fueros of Arragon perished, but they perished only because constitutional liberties which degenerate into anarchy are already ripe for an end.

J. A. FROUDE.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT would be difficult to describe the sensations with which Lord Erradeen found himself set at liberty, and on his way back, as he thought at first, to the easy mind, the quiet life, the undisturbed and undisturbing circumstances of his previous existence. He scarcely seemed to breathe till he had crossed the Border, and was outside of Scotland, feeling during that time, like a fugitive in full flight, incapable of thinking of anything except that he had eluded his pursuers and had escaped all possible risks and apprehensions. His trial had lasted nights and days, he could not tell how many. Now for the first time he had the calm, the leisure, the sense of safety, which were necessary for a review of all that he had gone through; he had seen the moon light up the pale line of the sea at Berwick, where Tweed falls into the waste of water, and the lights of Newcastle, turning into a shining highway the dark crescent of the Tyne, and then as the train pounded along through the darkness, with the throb and swing of life and speed, through the silence and night, his faculties seemed to come back to him, and his judgment to be restored. Through what a strange episode of existence had he passed since he saw the lights curve round the sides of that river, and the great bridge striding over above the roofs of the sleeping town! And now he had escaped — had he escaped? He had time at least and quiet to think it all out and see where he stood.

He had been for nearly three weeks altogether on Loch Houran, during which time he had gone through the severest mental struggle he had ever known. It seemed years to him now since the moment when he had been suddenly confronted by the strange and mysterious personage who had assumed a tone to-

wards him and claimed a submission which Walter had refused to yield. That this man's appearance had awakened in him a sensation of overwhelming excitement mingled with fear, that he had come in an unaccountable way, that he had been seen apparently by no one in the old castle but himself, that nobody had betrayed any consciousness of knowing who he was or how he was there, and yet that he had come and gone with a perfect acquaintance and familiarity with the place, the family, the estates, the story of the race; these were details which, with a tremulous sensation in his mind, as of a panic nearly over, he gathered together to examine and find out, if possible, what they meant. He had been unable during the time that followed, when he had taken refuge in Auchnasheen, to exercise any discriminating faculty, or use his own judgment upon these facts. At the moment of seeing and hearing occurrences which disturb the mind, reason is hampered in its action. Afterwards you may ask yourself, have you really heard and seen? but not when a definite appearance is before your eyes, or likely to reappear at any moment, and a distinct voice in your ears. The actual then overmasters the soul; the meaning of it must be got at later. He had seen this man whose faculties and pretensions were alike so extraordinary, he had listened to the claim he made, he had been bidden to yield up his individual will and to obey under threatening of evil if he refused, and promises of pleasure and comfort if he consented. And Walter had said no. He would have said no had an angel out of heaven appeared before him, making the same demand. He had been subjected to this strange trial at the very height of independence and conscious power, when he had newly begun to feel his own importance, and to enjoy its advantages. It had seemed to him absurd, incredible that such a claim should be made, even while the personality of the strange claimant had filled him with a sensation of terror, which he summoned all his forces to struggle against, without any success. He had been like two men during that struggle. One a craven, eager to fly, willing to promise anything might he but escape; the other struggling passionately against the stranger and refusing — refusing, night and day. When he went to Auchnasheen the character of the conflict within him had become more remarkable still. The man who claimed his obedience was no longer visible, but

he had been rent asunder between the power of his own resisting spirit and some strange influence which never slackened, which seemed to draw him towards one point with a force which his unwillingness to yield made into absolute agony. Still he had resisted, always resisted, though without strength to escape, until the moment had come when by sudden inspiration of natural justice and pity he had broken loose — by that, and by the second soul struggling in him and with him, by Oona's hand holding him and her heart sustaining him. This was the history of these two tremendous weeks, the most eventful in his life. And now he had escaped out of the neighborhood in which he could feel no safety, out of the influence which had moved him so strangely, and was able to think and ask himself what it was.

The night was dark, and as has been said, the moon was on the wane. She shed a pale mist of light over the dark country, where now and then there broke out the red glow of pit or furnace fires. The train swung onward with a rock of movement, a ploughing and plunging, the dim light in the roof swaying, the two respectable fellow-passengers each in his corner, amidst his wraps, slumbering uneasily. Walter had no inclination to sleep. He was indeed feverishly awake; all his faculties in wild activity; his mind intensely conscious and living. What did it all mean? The events which had affected him to a passionate height of feeling with which his previous life had been entirely unacquainted — was it possible that there was any other way of accounting for them? To look himself in the face as it were, and confess now at a distance from these influences that the man to whom he had spoken in the language of to-day was one of the fabulous men in whom the ignorant believe, his own early ancestor — the still existing, undying founder of the house, was, he said to himself, impossible. It could not be; anything else — any hypothesis was more credible than this. There was no place for the supernatural in the logic of life as he had learned it. Now that he had recovered control of himself, it was time for him to endeavor to make out a reason for the hallucination in which he had almost lost himself and his sober senses. And accordingly he began to do it; and this is what he said to himself. His imagination had been excited by all that had happened to him; the extraordinary change in his circumstances which

seemed almost miraculous, and then the succession of incidents, the strange half-communications that had been made to him, the old, ruinous house in which he had been compelled to shut himself up, the wonderful solitude, full of superstitious suggestions, into which he had been plunged. All these details had prepared his mind for something — he knew not what. He felt a hot flush of shame and mortification come over him as he remembered how easily, notwithstanding all his better knowledge, he, a man of his century, acquainted with all the philosophies of the day, had been overcome by these influences. He had expected something out of nature, something terrible and wonderful. And when such a state of mind is reached, it is certain (he thought) that something will arise to take advantage of it. Probably all these effects had been calculated upon by the individual, whoever he was, who haunted Kinloch-houran to excite and exploit these terrors. Who was he? Even now, so far out of his reach, so emancipated from his influence that he could question and examine it, Walter felt a certain giddiness come over his spirit at this thought, and was glad that one of his fellow-passengers stirred and woke, and made a shivering remark, how cold it was, before he again composed himself to sleep. It was very cold. There was an icy chill in the air which penetrated through the closed windows. But nothing else could come in — nothing else! and it could be but a sudden reflection from his past excitement that made Walter feel for a moment as if another figure sat opposite to him, gazing at him with calm sarcasm, and eyes that had a smile in them. When the giddiness passed off, and he looked again, there was (of course) no one opposite to him, only the dark blue cushions of the unoccupied place. Who was this man then who held a sort of court in Kinloch-houran, and demanded obedience from its proprietor? He was no creature of the imagination. Excited nerves and shaken health might indeed have prepared the mind of the visitor for the effect intended to be produced upon him; but they could not have created the central figure — the powerful personality from whom such influence flowed. Who was he? The circumstances were all favorable for a successful imposture, or even a mystification. Suppose it to be some member of the family aggrieved by the promotion of a far-off branch, some dependent with so much knowledge of the secrets of the race as to be able to play

upon the imagination of a novice, with mysterious threats and promises; perhaps, who could tell, a monomaniac, the leading idea of whose delusion was to take this character upon him? Walter's breast lightened a little as he made out one by one these links of explanation. It was characteristic of his time, and the liberality of mind with which modern thought abjures the idea of absolute imposture, that the sudden suggestion of a monomaniac gave a great relief and comfort to him. That might explain all — a man of superior powers crazed in this point, who might have convinced himself that he was the person he claimed to be, and that it was the interest of the family he had at heart. Such a being, acquainted with all the mysterious passages and hiding-places that exist in such old houses, able to appear suddenly from a secret door or sliding panel, to choose moments when nature herself added to the sense of mystery, hours of twilight and darkness when the half-seen is more alarming than anything fully revealed — this would explain so much that the young man for the moment drew a long breath of relief, and felt half-consciously that he could afford to ignore the rest.

And in the sense of this relief he fell asleep, and dreamed that he stood again at Mrs. Forrester's door in the isle, and saw the light on the old tower of Kinloch-houran, and felt the attraction, the drawing and dragging as of some force he could not resist; and woke up with the blow he gave himself against the rail that supported the netting on the opposite side of the carriage, against which he struck his head in his rush towards the place to which he had felt himself called. He staggered back into his seat, giddy and faint, yet thankful to feel that it was only a dream; and then had to begin his self-arguments over again, and trace once more every link of the chain. A monomaniac — yes, that might be the explanation; but whence then that power which drew him, which he had fought against with all the powers of his being at Auchnasheen, which he had never given in to, but which, even in the reflection of it given in his dream, was vivid enough to awaken him to a new branch of the question? Magnetism, mesmerism, he had heard of, and scorned as other names for charlatanism; but when you are searching anxiously for the means of accounting for mysterious phenomena you are glad to seize upon explanations that at another moment would be little satisfactory. Wal-

ter said to himself that the madman of Kinloch-houran — the monomaniac, must possess these strange powers. He might know many secrets, though his wits were gone astray. He might be sane enough to have a purpose, and to cultivate every possible means of affecting the mind he wished to work upon. Such curious combinations of madness and wisdom were not beyond human experience. Perhaps at the end of all his arguments, having fully convinced himself, the thread of the reasoning escaped him, for he suddenly shuddered and grew pale, and shrank into his corner, drawing his wraps close round him and raising the collar of his coat to his very eyes, as if to shut out some bewildering, overwhelming sight. But by this time the wintry day was breaking, and the stir of awakened life reached the other travellers, who woke and stretched themselves, shivering in the chill of the dawn, and began to prepare for their arrival. One of them spoke to Walter, expressing a fear that he was ill, he looked so pale, and offering his services to "see him home." The young man indeed felt as if he had come through a long illness when he stepped forth upon the platform at King's Cross, and felt that he had escaped from his fever and his trouble, and had new ways and new thoughts — or rather the repose of old thoughts and old ways — before him for some time to come.

He remained in London all day, and after his bath and his breakfast, felt the rising of a new life, and began to remember all the good things which he had partially forgotten, but which surely were more than enough to counterbalance the evil things, of which, when you set your mind to it, after all, so feasible an explanation could be found. London was at its darkest, and nothing invited him in the foggy and murky streets; nevertheless he lingered with that mixture of old habit and mental indolence which wastes so much time and disperses so many admirable resolutions. He went in the morning to see the house which belonged to him in Park Lane, and which was empty for the moment. It was one of those which look out from pleasant, large bow-windows upon the brightness of the Park and the cheerful thoroughfare. Even at such a moment it had a kind of brightness — as much light as could be got in London. It gave Walter a real pleasure to think of furnishing it for his mother, of seeing her take her place there and enter upon a larger life, a mode of existence for which he felt — with a glow of pride in her —

she was more qualified than for the smaller village routine at Sloebury. His energy even went so far as to direct that the house should be put in order and prepared for occupation. And if he had gone home at once after this feat, not all the threatenings of his mysterious enemy would have prevented a pleasant re-beginning of his old life. But he did not; he lingered about the streets, about the hotel to which he had gone in the morning, for no particular reason, and it was late when he started for Sloebury—late and dark and cold, and his sleepless night and all the excitements from which he had fled, began to tell upon him. When he reached the familiar station his cheerfulness and good-humor had fled. And all the pleasant anticipations of the home-coming and the comfort with which he had remembered that existence, free of all mystery, in which he had seldom done anything but what seemed good in his own eyes, abandoned him as he stepped into the drizzle of a dark and rainy December night, into the poor and badly-lighted streets that surround a railway everywhere, and turn the worst side of every town to the eyes of strangers. He sent Symington and his baggage off before him, and himself set out to walk, with that incomprehensible pleasure in a little further delay which is so general. Stepping out into the mean streets had all the effect upon Walter's tired frame and capricious and impatient mind, of sudden disenchantment. His imagination perhaps had been affected by the larger atmosphere from which he had come, and he had forgotten the dinginess and poverty, which never before had struck him with the same force. The damp drizzle which was all there was for air, seemed to suffocate him; the pavement was wet and muddy, dirt and wretchedness pervaded everything. Then he began to realize, as he walked, the scene he was going to, which he could call up before him with such perfect distinctness of memory. Home! It used to be the centre, in books, of all pleasant thoughts—the tired wanderer coming to rest and shelter, the prodigal out of hunger and misery to forgiveness and the fatted calf, the "war-beaten soldier" from his cold sentry's march, the sailor from the wet shrouds and gloomy seas—to good fires and welcomes, kisses and a hot supper. But that primitive symbol of imagination, like so many others, has got perhaps somewhat soiled with ignoble use; and it never was, perhaps, from this point of

view that young men of Walter Methven's type regarded the centre of family life, to which they returned when there was nothing better to do, with a sort of penitential sense of the duties that were considered binding there, and the preposterous things that would be expected of them.

Lord Erradeen, who had been longing for that safe and sensible refuge where no exaggeration or superstition prevailed, suddenly felt it rise before him like a picture of still life as he walked towards it. His mother seated knitting at one side of the fire, with a preoccupied look, listening for his step outside, the evening newspaper, and a novel from Mudie's on the table. Miss Merivale opposite working crewel work, and putting a question now and then as to when he was expected: the two lamps burning steadily, the tick of the clock in the foreground, so to speak, the soul of the silent scene. The other accessories of the piece were all conventional ones: fire blazing brightly, now and then breaking into the monologue of the clock with a sudden rush and jet of flame, or dropping of ashes; curtains drawn, sofas and chairs within the glow of the warmth, ready for the new-comer's choice. There would be a sudden springing up, a disturbance of the perfect order of all these arrangements, on his entrance. He would be made to sit down in far too warm a corner; his personal appearance would be commented upon; that he was looking well, or ill, or tired, or as fresh as possible. And then the cross-examination would begin. Walter reminded himself that this cross-examination was maddening, and that even as a boy at school he had never been able to bear it. When he had said that he was well, and consented, yes, that he had come home sooner than he expected, but no, that nothing was wrong, what was there more to say? To be sure he had intended to say a great deal more, to pour forth all his troubles into his mother's sympathetic bosom; but that in any case could only have been when the two were alone. And would she understand him if he did so? Cousin Sophy—he could hear her in imagination—would give a sharp shriek of laughter at the idea of anything mysterious, at any suggestion of the supernatural (in which, of course, by this time Walter did not believe himself, but that was another matter). She would shriek even derisively at the idea that mesmerism could have affected any man in his senses. And his mother—what

would she do? not shriek with laughter, that was not her way; but smile perhaps with a doubtful look to see whether it was possible that he could be in earnest in this incredible story of his. No, she would not believe him, she would think he was under the influence of some hallucination. She would look at him with a shock of something like contempt, an annoyed dismay that *her* son should be so incredulous, or so weak. Walter's imagination leaped back to the other warm and softly lighted room on the isle, the innocent mother talking, who would have believed everything, the girl standing by who did understand, and that almost without a word. Ah, if that indeed were home! Thus with a sudden revulsion in his mind, shutting himself up, and double-locking the door of his heart—even before he had come to the door of the house, to which his mother, he knew, would rush to meet him, hearing and distinguishing his step—he went home.

Mrs. Methven who had been on the watch all day, opened the door to him as he foresaw. She was trembling with anxiety and pleasure, yet self-restrained and anxious not to betray the excitement which probably he would think uncalled for; she took his wraps from him, and helped to take off his great-coat giving an aid which was quite unnecessary, but which he, on his side commanding himself also, did his best to accept with an appearance of pleasure. "You have not dined," she said, "there is something just ready. We waited half an hour, but I thought you would prefer to come by this train. Come in and get thawed, and let me look at you, while they bring up your dinner." She took him by the arm as she spoke, and led him into the drawing-room where everything was exactly as he had imagined. And she drew him, as he had imagined, too close to the fire, and drawing the softest chair, said "Sit down, dear, and get warm."

"I am not a bit cold. I have walked, you know, from the station. How do you do, Cousin Sophy? Your room is too warm, mother, I always tell you so. However it looks very cheerful after the wet and mud outside," he said, with an attempt to be gracious.

"The rain makes everything dismal out of doors. Has it been raining all the way? You have had a dreadful journey, my poor boy."

"Of course it is warmer here than in Scotland," said Miss Merivale.

And then there was a pause, and his

mother looked at him more closely by the light of the lamp. She was just going to say, "You are not looking very well," when Walter broke in,

"I hear a tray coming, and I am very hungry. I shall go into the dining-room, mother, and join you by-and-by."

"I will go too and wait upon you, Walter. I mean to wait upon you myself to-night. I hope your lordship has not grown too fine for that," she said with an attempt at playful ease. It was a relief to leave Miss Merivale, and have her son all to herself. She put his chair to the table for him, and brought the claret which had been warming, and handed him his plate with a smile of content. "It is pleasant to serve one's boy," she said, "and we don't want any third person. I have so much to hear, and to ask —"

An impatient prayer that she would not begin the moment he sat down to worry a fellow with questions was on Walter's lips; but he forbore, doing his very best to command himself. To sit in his old place, to feel his old impulse, to find the claret too warm, and the potatoes cold, was almost too much for him; but still like a hero he forbore. And she took advantage of his magnanimity. She never relaxed her watch upon him. That is the penalty one pays for having one's mother to serve one: a servant is silent at least. She asked him if he would not have a little more, just this little piece which was very nicely done? Some of the vegetables which were better cooked than usual? A little salad? Some stewed fruit with that Devonshire cream which he used to like? A little of his favorite cheese? She was not in general a fussy woman, but she was so anxious, after the *rap-prochement* that had taken place on the eve of his going away, to please him, to preserve that tenderer strain of feeling—if it could be done this way! And yet all the time she was restraining herself not to say too much, not to worry him. A woman has to exercise such wiles often enough for her husband's benefit; but it is hard to go through the process again for her son.

He bore it all with a devouring impatience, yet self-restraint too—not entreating her in words to let him alone for heaven's sake! as he would so fain have done. Perhaps there was something to be said on his side also; his mind was laden with care and anxiety and wanted repose above all; and this wistful over-anxiety and desire to propitiate by details was irritating beyond description. He

did not know how to put up with it. Love itself is sometimes very hard to put up with — embarrassing, officious, not capable of perceiving that to let its object alone is the best. Mrs. Methven did not know how to propitiate him — whether to show her interest or to put on a form of indifference. All her urgency about his dinner, was it not to spare him the questions which she knew he did not love? But that succeeded badly, and her curiosity, or rather her anxiety, was great.

"How did you like Kinloch-houran?" she ventured to say at last. What a question! It seemed to Walter that a glance at his face would have shown her how inappropriate it was.

"Like Kinloch-houran!" he said. "If you want a categorical answer, mother — and I know you are never satisfied with anything else — not at all!"

"I am sorry for that, Walter, since it seems a place you must have a great deal to do with. Auchnasheen, then, was that better? You must teach me to pronounce the name."

"Auchnasheen, if possible, was worse," he said. "I shall never be able to endure either the one or the other, or forget the associations. Don't make me think of them, please. When I got home I thought I should be able to escape all that."

"My dear, I beg your pardon: I did not know. Was the weather then so bad? They say it always rains — and the place very dull, of course, so far in the wilds? But you said in your letter that the lake was lovely, and that there were some pleasant people —"

He put up his hand, begging her to go no further. "It was lovely enough if you like, but I hate the place; isn't that enough? I shall never go back with my free will."

Mrs. Methven looked at him in astonishment. "I thought" — she said, "you remember how fantastic you thought it, and mediæval — that you had to make a periodical visit to the old home of the race?"

His very lips trembled with irritation. He had written about all that in the first days of his absence, and even after his arrival at Loch Houran, making fun of the old-world stipulation. She might have divined, he thought, that it was a very different matter now. "I am sorry to keep you so long here, out of your own comfortable corner," he said. "You never like sitting in the dining-room. It is brutal of me to keep you here."

"No, Walter, it is my pleasure," she cried; then, poor soul, with that most uncalled-for, unprofitable desire for information, "And there are so many things I want to know —"

He commanded himself with a great effort. "Mother," he said, "I have not enjoyed my visit to Scotland. There are a great many things that perhaps I may be able to talk of hereafter if you will give me time, but that I don't want even to think of now. And I'm tired with my journey; and everything is not *couleur de rose*, as you seem to think. Let me alone, if you can, for to-night."

"Let you alone — if I can!" She was so startled, so bitterly disappointed, that for a moment or two she could not speak. And this aggravated Walter still more.

"Mother," he cried, getting up from his unsatisfactory meal, "I hope you are not going to make a scene the first night."

Thus, without any intention, with indeed the strongest desire to adopt a better way, this was how young Lord Erradeen resumed his intercourse with his mother. And yet Oona's mother, with all her little gentle affectations, with her kind effusiveness which there was no withstanding, had given him the sincerest sense of home and a refuge from trouble. Was it Oona's presence that explained all, or was there something more subtle underneath? There followed on this occasion no scene; but when Mrs. Methven returned to the drawing-room alone, leaving Walter, as she said, in peace to smoke his cigar after his dinner, Miss Merivale's keen eyes perceived at once that the traveller's meal had not been a happy ceremonial.

"I dare say he is tired," she said.

"Yes, he is tired — almost too tired to eat. Smoke is the grand panacea," said Mrs. Methven, with a smile.

"The worst of smoke is that it is so unsociable," said Miss Merivale cheerfully, picking up her book. "I think I'll go to bed and leave you free for your talk with Walter when the cigar's done. Oh yes, you will get on better by yourselves. You will get more out of him if you are alone. But I dare say you won't get very much out of him. It will come by scraps — a little at a time; and he will be quite astonished that you don't know — by instinct, I suppose. Men are all like that."

It was very kind of Cousin Sophy. Mrs. Methven gave her a kiss of gratitude as she took her candle and went away. But the expedient after all did little good. Walter lingered over his ci-

gar, growing less and less inclined for any confidences, while his mother lingered in the drawing-room, hoping he would come to her; and Cousin Sophy, by far the most comfortable of the three, established herself cosily in her easy-chair by her bedroom fire, with a yellow novel. Miss Merivale had aspirations beyond Mudie. She thought the French writers far more subtle and searching in their analysis of character than her compatriots ever were, and she liked their boldness, and the distinctness with which they cut away all pretences and showed humanity as it was. She had no opinion of humanity—but yet she was in her way very good-natured, and would even go out of her way to show kindness to one of her fellow-creatures, as she had done to-night. Though her own room looked comfortable, and was so indeed up to a certain point, Miss Merivale, if nobody else, was aware that there was a draught which there was no eluding,—a draught which, whatever you might do, caught you infallibly in the back of the neck. She had taken down the curtains and put them up again. She had changed the position of her seat. She had bought a folding screen. She had even changed her chair and procured a high-backed, old-fashioned thing, something like that cushioned sentry-box in which porters delight; but in no way could she escape this draught, except in bed, and it was much too early to go to bed. Therefore she had made a distinct sacrifice of personal comfort in coming so soon up-stairs. She sat there and mused, asking herself what boys were born for, or at least by what strange mistake Providence ever committed them to the charge of women; and why it was that they could not be happy or natural with the people they belonged to. "I feel almost sure now," she said to herself, "that I shall have a stiff neck to-morrow, to no purpose, and that those two down stairs are sitting in separate rooms, and will not say a word to each other."

It was a curious, very curious reading of an English home, could any spectator have looked through the secure covering of that respectable roof, or through the curtains that veiled the windows, and seen the two rooms in which these two persons sat each alone. How was it? Why was it? The mother had no thought but for her son. The son was not unkind or heartless, but full of good qualities. And yet at a moment when he had much to tell, and she was eager to hear, they sat in two separate rooms, as if they were

fellow-lodgers and no more. Cousin Sophy, who was a sensible woman, with much kind feeling towards both, though she was not perhaps the kind of person from whom any high degree of unselfish devotion was to be looked for, sat and shook her head, and "wondered at it," as the ladies at Camelot did over Elaine. But it was a greater wonder than Elaine.

Was it, perhaps, the beginning of the fulfilment of that threat that everything would go ill with him, which had been made at Kinloch-houran? But if so it was no new ill, but only the further following out of an evil that had been growing for years.

CHAPTER XX.

SOMETHING of the same perversity which had turned all his good resolutions to nothing on the night of his arrival, affected Walter when he went out next morning into Sloebury. The place had narrowed and grown small in every way. There was no horizon, only lines of brick houses; no space, only the breadth of a street; no air to breathe for a man who had come from the wide solitude of the hills, and the keen freshness of the Highland breezes. Everything here was paltry, and monotonous, and small; the people who met him—and he met everybody, and there was not a man who could claim the slightest acquaintance with him, or a woman who had seen him once in her neighbor's drawing-room, who did not make some use of the acquaintance with Lord Erradeen—seemed to have dwindled along with the scene. They had never been distinguished by intelligence or originality, but he had not been aware how paltry they were before. Had he seen Jeremy's new turn-out? all the men inquired of him. He had already heard of it from Miss Merivale, who had given him a sketch of the history of the town, and what happened during his absence, at breakfast. It was a high phaeton, "which I suppose must be the fashion," Miss Merivale said. "You should really see it," cried all the young men, with details about the harness, and the high-stepping mare which were endless. What did Lord Erradeen care for young Jeremy's phaeton or the high-stepping mare? but it was the only topic at Sloebury—that, and a report which Miss Merivale had also furnished him with about Julia Herbert. "Your old flame: no doubt it was to console herself in your absence," said Cousin Sophy. This was disagreeable too. Walter did not care to hear

that the girl who had distinguished himself and been distinguished by him should make herself remarkable in a flirtation with another man. He did not want her indeed, but he objected to the transfer of her affections. And everything around looked so barren, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Perhaps it was the quickening of life which his recent experiences, painful though they had been, had brought him, which made him feel how dead-alive everything was. At Loch Houran his mind had gone back to the safe and peaceable commonplace of his native town with something like an enthusiasm of preference for its calm common sense, and superiority to the fever and excitements of that life upon the edge of the supernatural. Now it seemed to him that superstition itself, not to speak of the heats and chills of human passion, were higher things than this cynic-steadiness, this limit of matter-of-fact. What would Sloebury think of those things that had been so real to him, that had rent his very being asunder? He could imagine the inextinguishable laughter with which his story would be greeted, and blushed at the possibility of betraying himself. A seer of ghosts and visions, a victim of mesmerism! He would become in a moment the scorn, as he was at present the envy, of the town. Not a soul of them would understand. His experiences must be buried in his own bosom, and no one here must ever know that he had got beyond that surface of life to which all their knowledge was confined. When he met Underwood indeed this determination wavered a little; but then Underwood looked at him with an eagerness of inspection which was still more offensive. What did the fellow mean? Did he think it likely that he, a stranger, a person whom the better people disapproved, should be chosen as the confidant of Lord Erradeen?

"You have come back very soon," the captain said; as indeed did everybody whom he met.

"No — not sooner than I intended," said Walter coldly. "It was business merely that took me there at all."

Underwood examined his face with a curiosity that had knowledge in it. "I know that country so well," he said. "I should like to know what you think of it. Of course you were at Auchnasheen? I have been weeks there, with the late lord — and at the old castle too," he added, with a keen look.

"You were interested in the architecture, I suppose."

Underwood said nothing for a moment. Then suddenly, "I wish you'd come and talk to me about it!" he cried. "Any time that you'll come I'll shut out everybody else. I'll keep myself free —"

"My dear fellow," Walter said in a supercilious tone, "why should I make Sloebury pay the penalty, and banish your friends from you for my selfish advantage?" To remember the time when this man had taken notice of him and been his superior, gave him a sense of impatient indignation. "Besides, I don't know that there is anything to say."

"Oh, as you please," said Underwood; but when they passed each other, he turned back and laid a hand on Walter's sleeve. "I keep early hours now," he said. "After ten I am always free."

Lord Erradeen walked away, half angry, half amused, by the man's presumption, who, after all, was a nobody; but yet, he made a secret note in his mind, almost outside of his consciousness. After ten — it might in the dreadful blank of those hours after ten at Sloebury (or even before ten for that matter), be a resource.

He had not gone very much further when he fell into another lion's mouth. But how wrong, how cruel, to apply such a phrase to the red and smiling mouth, fresh as the cherries in the song, of Miss Julia Herbert, on her way from the rectory where she paid her old aunt a daily visit, to the cottage in which she was her mother's stay and solace! She had been flirting a great deal in Walter's absence, no one could deny. A young Wynn, a relation on the other side of the house, had been staying there, on leave from his regiment, and on such an occasion what else was there to do? But young Wynn was gone, and his circumstances were not such as to have stood in competition for one moment with Lord Erradeen. As soon as she saw him, Julia began to smile and wave her hand. If there was a little sense of guilt in her, so much the more reason for even an excess of friendliness now. And perhaps there was in Walter a certain desire to let the little world about, which had insisted upon her little infidelities, perceive that she was as much under his influence as ever, as soon as he chose to appear. This was not the way in which the world regarded the matter, if Walter had known. Instead of looking at him as the conquering hero, who had but to show himself, the spectators said pityingly that

Julia Herbert had got hold of poor Lord Erradeen again.

"Oh, Walter!" she cried; then changed her tone with a very pretty blush, and said, "I ought to have said Lord Erradeen: but it was the surprise. And so you have come home?"

"I have come *back*," he said, with a little emphasis.

"I see it all. Forgive me that I should be so silly — *back*, of course; that means a few days, that means you have come for your boxes, or to see your mother, or to know her wishes respecting the new furniture of the banqueting hall. Shall it be mediæval or Renaissance? If you ask my advice —"

"I do; of course, I do. It is for that chiefly I am here."

"That is what I thought. Renaissance, then. There, you have my opinion — with plenty of cupids and good, fat garlands —"

She laughed, and Walter laughed too, though he was not very much amused. But, of course, he could not speak to a lady as he had spoken to Underwood.

"Come now, tell me about it," the young lady said. "You cannot refuse such a little bit of novelty to one who never sees anything new except a novel: and there is so little novelty in them! About what? Oh, about Scotland, and the scenery, and the old castle: and whom you met, and what you did. Mayn't I show a little curiosity — in one whom," she added with that exaggeration of sentiment which leaves room for a laugh, "I have known all my life?"

"That, I hope, is not all the claim I have on your interest," said Walter in the same tone.

"Oh, no, not half. There have been moments! — And then the romance of you, Lord Erradeen! It is delightful to touch upon the borders of romance. And your rank! I feel a great many inches higher, and ever so much elevated in my own estimation by being privileged to walk by your lordship's side. When are you going to take your seat and help to rule your country? They say the House of Commons is to be preferred for that. But there is nothing so delightful as a peer."

"How lucky for me that you should think so! I may walk with you, then, to the —"

"Corner," said Julia, "not too far; oh, certainly, not too far: or we shall have all the old ladies, male and female, making comments."

"I don't care for the old ladies — or their comment," said Walter: the fun was languid, perhaps, but yet it afforded a little occupation when one had nothing else to do.

"You? Oh, of course not, as you will escape presently, and know all my wiles by heart already, it cannot make much difference to you. It is I who have to be considered, if you please, my lord. They will say there is *that* Julia Herbert at her old tricks, trying to take in poor Lord Erradeen — a poor, innocent young man in the snares of that designing baggage! They will probably add that the police should put a stop to it," Miss Herbert said.

"The deluded old ladies! Without knowing that it is exactly the other way —"

"Now that is the prettiest speech you ever made," said Julia. "I never heard you say anything so nice before. You must have been in very good society since you went away. Tell me, who was it?" she asked with her most insinuating look.

They were old practitioners both. They understood each other: they had flirted since they had been in long clothes, and no harm had ever come of it. This is, no doubt, what Miss Herbert would have said had any feminine critic interposed; but there was something more serious, as the feminine critic would have divined, at once, in Julia's eye. She meant more, not less, than she said; and she was anxious to know, having her eyes upon all contingencies like a wise general, what rivals might have come in the way.

"I have met scarcely any one," said Walter. "You cannot conceive what a lonely place it is. Oh, of course there are people about. I was promised a great many visitors had I stayed. On the other hand, even in winter, it is wonderfully beautiful. Coming back to this perfectly flat country, one discovers for the first time how beautiful it is."

"Yes," said Julia indifferently; the beauty of the country did not excite her. "I have seen a photograph of your old castle. You can only get to it by water, Captain Underwood says. Oh, he has been a great authority on the subject since you went away. One of your castles is on Loch Houran; but the others —"

"If you like to call them castles," said Walter, gently flattered by these queries, "there are two of them on Loch Houran. One I call a ruin, and the other a shooting-box —"

"Oh, you lucky, lucky person; and a house in town, and another grand place in Scotland! Aren't you frightened to trust yourself among poor people who have nothing? Don't you feel alarmed lest we should rush at you, and tear you to pieces, and divide your spoils? I am very romantic. I should have the old castle," she said, with a side glance of provocation and invitation.

Her watchful eyes perceived a change in his countenance as she spoke. There were limits, it was evident, to the topics her flying hand might touch. She went on cleverly without a pause,—

"You wonder what I should do with it? Restore it, Lord Erradeen. Build the walls up again, and make everything as it used to be. I should enjoy that—and then the furnishing, how delightful! Don't you know that the aim and object of every rational being now is to make a little Victorian house look like a big Queen Anne one? or if not that, an Eastern harem with quantities of draperies, and mats, and cushions. How much more delightful to have the real thing to work upon!"

"But my house is not a Queen Anne house, or an Oriental —"

"You don't like to say the word, you good, delicate-minded young man! Of course not; but a castle like the 'Mysteries of Udolpho.' At all events you must ask mamma and me to pay you a visit, and I shall take my lute like Emily in that beautiful story, and a small but well-chosen collection of books; and then whatever happens—suppose even that you shut my lover up in one of your dungeons —"

"Which I should certainly do; nay, hang him on the gallows-hill."

"No, no," she said, "not hang him; let him have the death of a gentleman. Here we are at the corner. Oh, you are going my way? Well, perhaps that makes a difference. You meant to pay your respects to mamma? I don't think that I can in that case, Lord Erradeen, interfere with the liberty of the subject; for you have certainly a right, if you wish it, to call on mamma."

"Certainly I have a right. I am prepared to obey you in every other respect; but Mrs. Herbert has always been very kind to me, and it is one of my objects —"

"How much improved you are!" cried Julia. "How nice you are! How grateful and condescending! Tell me whom you have been consorting with while you

have been away. The Scotch have good manners, I have always heard. Who is your nearest neighbor in your old castle, Lord Erradeen?"

Walter cast about in his mind for a moment before he replied. He had no mind to profane the sanctity of the isle by betraying its gentle inmates to any stranger's curiosity. He said, "I think my nearest neighbor is a Mr. Williamson—not a distinguished name or person—who has a gorgeous great house and everything that money can buy. That means a great deal. It has all been made by sugar, or some equally laudable production."

"And Mr. Williamson—no, it is not distinguished as names go—has a daughter, Lord Erradeen?"

"I believe so, Miss Herbert."

"How solemn we are! It used to be Julia—and Walter. But never mind, when one gets into the peerage one changes all that. 'One fair daughter, and no more, whom he loved passing well!'"

"There is but one, I think; sons in an indefinite number, however, which lessens I suppose, in a commercial point of view, the value of the lady."

"Lord Erradeen, you fill me with amazement and horror. If that is how you have been taught by your Scotch neighbors —"

"Miss Herbert, I am following the lead you have given me—trying humbly to carry out your wishes."

And then they looked at each other and laughed. The wit was not of a high order, but perhaps that is scarcely necessary to make a duel of this kind between a young man and a young woman amusing. It was more than amusing to Julia. She was excited, her bosom panted, her eyes shone—all the more that Walter's calm was unbroken. It was provoking beyond measure to see him so tranquil, so ready to respond and follow her lead, so entirely unlikely to go any further. He was quite willing to amuse himself, she said to herself, but of feeling in the matter he had none, though there had been moments! And it did not once occur to her that her antagonist was clever enough to have eluded her investigations, or that the smile upon his face was one of secret pleasure in the secret sanctuary whose existence he had revealed to no one—the little isle in the midst of Loch Houran and the ladies there. He went back to them while all this lively babble went on, seeing them stand and wave their hands to him, as he was carried away over the

wintery water. He had come away with relief and eagerness to be gone; but how fair it all looked as he turned back out of this scenery so different from his loch, and from the side of a girl who wanted to "catch" him, Walter knew! Odious words, which it is a shame to think, much less speak, and yet which are spoken constantly, and, alas! in some cases, are true.

Notwithstanding this lively consciousness of the young lady's meaning (which in itself is always flattering and propitiates as much as it alarms), Walter accompanied Julia very willingly to the cottage. He had not thought of going there so soon. It was a kind of evidence of interest and special attraction which he had not meant to give, but that did not occur to him at the moment. The mother and daughter exerted themselves to the utmost to make his visit agreeable. They insisted that he should stay to luncheon, they sang to him and made him sing, and talked and made him talk, and burned delicate incense before him, with jibes and flouts and pretences at mockery. They had the air of laughing at him, yet flattered him all the time. He was such a prize, so well worth taking a little trouble about. The incense tickled his nostrils, though he laughed too, and believed that he saw through them all the time. There was no deception, indeed, on either side; but the man was beguiled and the woman excited. He went away with certain fumes in his brain, and she came down from the little domestic stage upon which she had been performing with a sense of exhaustion, yet success. Miss Williamson, a country beauty, or perhaps not even a beauty, with red hair and a Scotch accent, and nothing but money to recommend her! Money was much to ordinary mortals, but surely not enough to sweep away all other considerations from the mind of a young favorite of fortune. No! Julia believed in a certain generosity of mind though she was not herself sufficiently well off to indulge in it, and she could not think that money, important as it was, would carry the day.

From Temple Bar.

MR. GLADSTONE'S OXFORD DAYS.

THERE is a story of an American going on a pilgrimage to Chelsea to look at the house where Carlyle lived, and being much scandalized to find that an inhabi-

tant of the locality had never heard of the great man, and was consequently unable to say which house in Cheyne Row he occupied. One can imagine a tourist of the same reverent disposition visiting Oxford with a list of the great men who have been educated at that university, and trying to ascertain from college gate-porters what rooms these celebrities tenanted as undergraduates. The rooms would in most cases be still existent, for Oxford changes little; but the porters would be at a sad loss to furnish any record of those who owned them in old time. The porters at the gates of Christ Church, for instance, could not tell which were Mr. Gladstone's rooms, and they seem never to have taken the trouble to inquire, though they have been asked the question scores of times. The dean of Christ Church himself, who was for a short while William Gladstone's fellow-undergraduate at the House, and heard the last speech which the future premier delivered at the Union, had quite forgotten, until reminded of it recently, that the rooms in which Mr. Gladstone passed most of his student days—the rooms in which the brilliant assemblies of the *Weg** were held—stand in Canterbury Quad. They are the right-hand set on the first floor of the first stair case to the right as you enter the quad by the gate. During his first year Gladstone had rooms in the "Old Library" near the Hall. This library, on the north side of the Chaplain's Quadrangle, part of which has since been pulled down, was once the refectory of St. Frideswide's Priory, and is therefore coeval with St. Frideswide's Church (now the Cathedral), and older than any of the buildings in Wolsey's foundation.†

That an eminent man should, when a boy, have lived here or there, may seem to be a matter of slight moment, and yet one cannot help thinking that college rooms would sometimes be invested with a greater sanctity than they possess at present in the eyes of their young tenants if some memorial were preserved in them of distinguished persons who had worked and prospered there. It might, of course, be difficult to make a proper selection of names to be inscribed on mural tablets, and evidently a permanent advertisement of successful mediocrities would be of

* The "Weg" was a select political debating club which derived its name from the initials of its founder, W. E. G.

† Henry VIII. when he instituted the bishopric of Oxford at first fixed the see at Osney Abbey, but afterwards removed it to St. Frideswide's, which then took the name of Christ Church.

doubtful value. A now forgotten writer, M. Baour-Lormian, having been elected to the chair which Voltaire once held in the Académie Française, began his inaugural speech by saying: "In the chair* where Voltaire sat I feel it would be impossible to say a foolish thing." "Courage, you are trying your best," whispered a colleague; and so it might be argued that a Cantab who rented the rooms which were once Mr. Tennyson's would not become a poet on that account, nor would an Oxonian grow into a statesman from inhabiting the study where Mr. Gladstone prepared that famous speech against the first Reform Bill which won him a seat in Parliament. Nevertheless there is something in the *genius loci*, in associations of a place where a man lives; and considering what distances people will travel to see a table on which somebody wrote, or a tree under which somebody preached, it does strike one as a little incongruous to find undergraduates sometimes occupying rooms fraught with intensely interesting memories and yet having no knowledge whatever of their predecessors.

Not long ago an undergraduate of Trinity was informed that he had the rooms which were once John Newman's (the cardinal). Being a lazy man, his first impulse was to exclaim: "I hope the thing won't get about, or I shall be pestered by reporters and photographers, like Toole in the *Birth-place of Podgers*." But next term he hung a portrait of Cardinal Newman over his mantelpiece; then he took to reading some of his Eminence's works; and in the result, though he did not change his religion, he was converted from an idle man into an industrious one. What is more, he always kept his apartments in excellent order lest, as he said, the cardinal himself or some of his friends should come to visit the old rooms. In this case at least there was a man who felt that succession brings duties with it, and it must be added that he did not relapse into his old ways when it was discovered that there was a mistake about his inheritance, and that the John Newman in whose room he sat was not the author of the "Apologia," but a noted fox-hunter.

William Gladstone left Eton in 1827, and read for nearly two years with a private tutor, Dr. Turner, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, before he proceeded to Oxford. His two chief friends at Eton—

Arthur Hallam and Gerald Wellesley (the late Dean of Windsor)—had gone to Trinity, Cambridge, though both of them were more fitted to shine at Oxford than at the sister university. Sir Francis Doyle, their gifted contemporary and friend, describes them as having been the two best versifiers of their day at Eton—Wellesley in Latin, Hallam in Greek. A copy of iambics by the latter, drawn from the "Ugolino" of Dante, and preserved in his "Remains," is a very remarkable composition for a boy of sixteen. George Selwyn (afterwards Bishop of Lichfield), Gladstone's chief assistant in conducting the *Eton Miscellany*, went to Cambridge too, and took a first-class degree—though not such a splendid one as, his eldest brother William, whose honors in the schools at Cambridge have remained unmatched.* Among the writers in the *Miscellany* who accompanied their quondam editor to Oxford, the principal were Francis Doyle (Sir F.), and William Jelf (the Rev.), who went with him to Christ Church, and Frederick Rogers (Lord Blachford), who matriculated at Oriel. These three were all to be first-class men. C. J. Canning (Earl Canning) and the Honorable J. Bruce (Earl of Elgin) came up from Eton a little later, the former to Christ Church, the latter to Oriel, where Mr. John Newman was at that time a fellow and tutor; and they were to be first-class men too. The Earl of Lincoln from Eton, Robert Phillimore (Sir R.) from Westminster, and Charles Wordsworth (the Bishop of St. Andrews) from Harrow, completed the set who remained Gladstone's most intimate companions during the whole of his stay at the university.

It was explained in a former paper† how Gladstone learned no mathematics at Eton. Boys who went up from the public schools to Cambridge, in those days were at a great disadvantage in competing for honors, and this accounts for the important part which private tutors played in the undergraduate life of Cambridge. To enter Cambridge was like going to school over again; and an undergraduate could not have hoped to take even a "poll" degree without assiduously attending the lectures of a private tutor, and getting well coached. At Oxford the case was different, and if Gladstone had been simply ambitious to secure a first class in classics he need never have learned more

* The term *fautail d'académicien* has to be taken in a figurative sense, for the academicians in the place of meeting at the Palais Mazarin have always sat on benches.

* He was second classic 1830. William Selwyn was Browne's Medalist in 1825-6-7; 6th wrangler; Senior Classic and Chancellor's Medalist in 1823.

† Mr. Gladstone's Schooldays.

than the rudiments of arithmetic. At Dr. Turner's, however, he applied himself to learn all that he had not been taught at school, and went up to Oxford knowing almost as much mathematics as a junior soph of Cambridge, that is algebra, conic sections, differential and integral calculus, mechanics statical and dynamical, and the three first sections of Newton. Few young men having, as he had, such a taste for Greek and Latin scholarship, a love of English literature, and a passion for writing and making speeches, would have cared to devote themselves to a new and difficult branch of study merely that they might achieve a perfect self-education.

His attainments caused him to be at once nominated to a studentship of Christ Church, an honor which brought him rather more than £100 a year. Nowadays these studentships are obtained by competitive examination, and it is usual that they should not be sought by young men whose parents are in affluent circumstances; but fifty-four years ago the dean bestowed the studentships as he pleased, and it seemed to him no abuse of his trust to confer one on the son of a wealthy and open-handed Liverpool merchant, who had absolutely no need of the money. A hundred pounds a year would have been a precious boon to one of those unhappy servitors who dined in hall off the leavings of the commoners' tables, and who, the better to be marked as objects for the pity or contempt of other undergraduates, were made to wear caps without tassels. The lot of these servitors was most miserable; often they could not afford to buy the books they wanted for the higher studies, or clothes to make a decent appearance with; and it may be said that a hundred pounds divided annually among four, or even among ten of them, would have been of wonderful assistance, both in gladdening their college days and in rendering them more profitable. But such ideas never penetrated the gentle mind of Dean Samuel Smith, who thought that money should go to the rich just as rivers flow to the sea.

Gladstone had come up from Eton with quite an uncommon reputation for ability, and all his contemporaries agree in saying that he was regarded as a young man of exceptional promise. His management of the *Eton Miscellany* had shown what power he possessed of attracting lads of talent into his fellowship, and of maintaining his ascendancy over them; and at Christ Church he became in his

first term the recognized leader of a set whose doings were watched with interest by dons and undergraduates alike. His fluency in argumentation, and the trouble he took to convince people of things which often did not seem worth a dispute, were among the noticeable traits of his character; but this fondness for reasoning had been purposely fostered in him by his father. Mr. John Gladstone liked that his children should exercise their judgment by stating the why and wherefore of every opinion they offered, and a college friend of William's who went on a visit to Fasque in Kincardineshire during the summer of 1829, furnishes amusing particulars of the family customs in that house, "where the children and their parents argued upon everything." "They would debate as to whether the trout should be boiled or broiled, whether a window should be opened, and whether it was likely to be fine or wet next day. It was all perfectly good-humored, but curious to a stranger because of the evident care which all the disputants took to advance no proposition, even as to the prospect of rain, rashly. One day Thomas Gladstone knocked down a wasp with his handkerchief and was about to crush it on the table, when the father started the question as to whether he had the right to kill the insect; and this point was discussed with as much seriousness as if a human life had been at stake. When at last it was adjudged that the wasp deserved death because he was a trespasser in the drawing-room, a common enemy and a danger there, it was found that the insect had crawled from under the handkerchief, and was flying away with a sniggering sort of buzz as if to mock them all."

On another occasion William Gladstone and his sister Mary disputed as to where a certain picture ought to be hung. An old Scotch servant came in with a ladder and stood irresolute while the argument progressed; but as Miss Mary would not yield, William gallantly ceased from speech, though unconvinced of course. The servant then hung up the picture where the young lady ordered; but when he had done this he crossed the room and hammered a nail into the opposite wall. He was asked why he did this: "Aweel, Miss, that'll do to hang the picture on when ye'll have come round to Master Willie's openion."

The family generally did come round to William's opinion, for the resources of his tongue-fencing were wonderful, and his

father, who admired a clever feint as much as a straight thrust, never failed to encourage him by saying: "Hear, hear: well said, well put, Willie!" if the young debater bore himself well in an encounter. Another thing which Mr. John Gladstone taught his children was to accomplish to the end whatever they might begin, and no matter how insignificant the undertaking might be. Assuming that the enterprise had been commenced with a deliberate, thoughtful purpose, it would obviously be weakness to abandon it, whereas if it had been entered upon without thought it would be useful to carry it through as a lesson against acting without reflection. The tenacity with which William Gladstone adhered to this principle exercised no doubt a beneficial moral discipline upon himself, but was frequently very trying to his companions. "At Fasque," says his friend already quoted, "we often had archery practice, and the arrows that went wide of the targets would get lost in the long grass. Most of us would have liked to collect only the arrows that we could find without trouble, and then begin shooting again; but this was not William's way. He would insist that all the arrows should be found before we shot our second volleys, and would marshal us in Indian file and make us tramp about in the grass till every quiver had been refilled. Once we were so long in hunting for a particular arrow that dusk came on and we had to relinquish the search. The next morning as I was dressing I saw through my window William ranging the field and prodding into every tuft of grass with a stick. He had been busy in this way for two hours, and at length he found the arrow just before breakfast. I remarked that he had wasted a good deal of time: 'Yes and no,' he said, 'I was certain the arrow could be found if I looked for it in a certain way, but it was the longest way and I failed several times from trying shorter methods. When I set to work in the proper fashion I succeeded.' 'Well done, Willie!' concurred his always appreciative father."

It was the same at Oxford. Gladstone would start for a walk to some place eight miles distant, and make up his mind to go "at least more than half the way." Rain might fall in torrents (a serious matter in those days when no undergraduate ever carried an umbrella), but this would not shake him from his purpose; so long as he had not passed his fourth mile-post nothing would make him turn back. Di-

rected towards higher objects, this stubbornness could be dignified with the name of perseverance, and it was a master quality that kept all Gladstone's friends in subjection to him more or less. Those who would not give in to him from reason would do so to avoid a contest — this being a world in which there are more earthen pots than iron ones, and the earthen try to escape collisions when they can. Besides, Gladstone's intense conviction of being always in the right gave him an assured superiority over young men who did not ponder very deeply over their opinions and were not prepared to defend them against vigorous onslaughts. "Gladstone seems to do all the thinking for us," Frederick Rogers once said; "the only trouble is that when he starts some new idea he expects you to see all its beauties at once as clearly as he does after studying them." Years afterwards, when Mr. Gladstone had become prime minister, another old college friend observed: "You must know Gladstone to understand how much it costs him to give up any clause in a bill which he has framed. He hates compromise as a concession of good to evil. He cannot acknowledge half truths or admit the value of half good. What grieves him is not the humiliation of being beaten by his systematic foes, but the misery of having failed to convince those who profess to be his friends and to let themselves be guided by him; and again when he surrenders a particle of what he considers right, he is at war with his restive conscience, asking himself whether he was morally justified in yielding to serve party ends." As a set-off one must quote the opinion of the Bishop of St. Andrews (Dr. Charles Wordsworth), who was Gladstone's private tutor during the latter's second year at Oxford, as to his pupil's openness to cogent argument, came it whence it might: "He would wrestle like a Cornishman with any theory hostile to his way of thinking, but if he got a fair fall he owned it; and it was always his way to make a full and gracious submission to any argument that had got the mastery of his reason."

Gladstone's tutor at Christ Church was the Rev. Robert Biscoe, who as a Greek scholar had few equals. His Aristotle lectures were most successful, and were attended by a notable array of men who have since made a figure in the world. Mr. Martin Tupper, who was himself of the company, has lately published a list of them. In addition to those already mentioned as having been Gladstone's

intimate friends — Doyle, C. J. Canning, Bruce, Phillimore and Lord Lincoln — there were the Marquis (now Duke) of Abercorn, Lord Douglas (the late Duke of Hamilton), Lord Ramsay (Earl of Dalhousie), H. G. Liddel (Dean of Christ Church), Robert Scott (late Master of Balliol), Cornwall Lewis, and Charles Wordsworth. The latter was quite a wonderful man. He was in the university eleven of 1829, and played in the successful match against Cambridge on the Magdalen ground (truth compels one to note that he scored two "ducks'-eggs" on that occasion); he was in the Oxford eight of the same year, and helped to vanquish the Cambridge crew in which George Selwyn rowed; and he took a first class in classics in 1830, winning also the prizes for Latin essay and Latin verse. He was a tall, handsome fellow, exuberant in spirits, of winning manners and sweet temper, and fascinated all who came into contact with him. Gladstone became one of his most attached admirers, and Wordsworth was not the man to check any excess of earnestness in his pupil, for he himself abounded in zeal and militant pluck. One of his habits was to declaim against effeminacy. Those were the days of gorgeous waistcoats, flowing satin scarves with chain pins, and artificial curling of the hair — all of which things Wordsworth held in horror. He also had a Spartan theory about pain being more a matter of imagination than of actual physical torment. "As to toothache," he one day exclaimed, "I am sure a determined fellow could *resolve not to feel it*." Then suddenly conquered by the humorous aspect of his own statement, he added: "At least he might resolve that about *another man's* toothache."

Mr. Biscoe's lectures often brought to Christ Church men from other colleges; among these came Archibald Tait and Henry Manning (two future primates), both from Balliol, and Sidney Herbert from Oriel. With Tait and Herbert, Gladstone was intimate; and with Manning he was as friendly as it was possible to be towards one whose opinions he did not share, for Manning was at this time a Whig. He was a cold, sarcastic, rather disappointed young man. Reverses of fortune in his family had caused him to be sent to Oxford that he might take orders; but he showed no inclination for ecclesiastical life. At Harrow he had cherished the ambition of entering Parliament, and one of his contemporaries remarks, that it made him "somewhat

sulky" to be talked with about his coming career as a clergyman. This does not mean that he felt no interest in religious questions, but he had a high sense of duty, and doubted his own fitness for the ministry if he should be required to toil in some obscure parish. It might have been foreseen even at that time that he would make a very restless member of the Church of England.

Fifty-five years ago religion and politics were just beginning to play an important part in the social life of undergraduates at Oxford. In 1827 Keble had published his "Christian Year," and in 1829, before Gladstone came to Christ Church, the university had been thrown into a ferment by Sir Robert Peel's change of policy on the question of Catholic emancipation. Peel thought good to resign his seat as a member for the university, but he offered himself for re-election, and the contest which ensued was much like that which took place thirty-six years later when Mr. Gladstone himself was defeated by Mr. Gathorne Hardy. In Sir Robert Inglis, Peel's opponents had chosen a steady, candidate of the old Tory type who got the votes of the country clergy, while the lay members of convocation gave their suffrages for the most part to the "Papist's friend," who lost his election by one hundred and forty-seven votes. The most active of Peel's supporters was Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of Oxford, formerly his tutor, and raised to the bench through his influence; and the heated state of party feeling at this date is shown by the social penalties which the bishop was made to endure for his partisanship. George IV. turned his back upon him at a levee; and Canon Oakeley mentions in his "Recollections" that soon afterwards at a visitation dinner the bishop found himself almost alone, the clergy of his diocese having conspired to ban him for his change of political opinions.

All this animosity in high quarters, all these terrors of Popery, which made "the grey hairs of meek old Churchmen bristle," wrought their effect on undergraduates, among whom there were virulent Tories and Radical reformers, full of subtle disloyalty and irreligiousness. The father of "Tom Brown" was shocked to behold in his son's college rooms a facsimile of the death warrant of Charles I.; but the Mr. Brown of a former generation might have found egalitarian triangles, and even pictures of the guillotine. In 1830 Dr. Marsham, master of Merton, heard that a man (who afterwards became

a High Church clergyman) had on his mantelpiece a working model of this republican instrument. He sent for the culprit and asked him why he possessed such a thing. "Oh, it's only an invention to kill rats with," answered the undergraduate. The term "Hanoverian rats" had not yet quite gone out of fashion in its application to the reigning dynasty, and Dr. Marsham saw the point. "I have a good mind to expel you," he said, "but I prefer to call your attention to this. You are fond of triangles, it seems: now see to what uses they can be put," and taking a sheet of paper he drew on it two triangles. Lengthening one of the sides of the first he transformed it into a gallows-tree, then he adorned the second with a loop and a bar so that it looked like one of the triangles to which soldiers were tied up for flogging. "Now these are the triangles which *rats* have at their disposal," he said, "so take warning." The Mertonite slunk out, feeling that he had got full change for his piece of wit.

But Radicals were in a minority among the undergraduates; Toryism greatly preponderated, and when in 1830 the Reform Bill agitation commenced throughout the country the Anti-Reform League, founded by Charles Wordsworth, Gladstone, and Lord Lincoln, mustered four-fifths of the undergraduates and bachelors, who pointed excitedly to the revolutionary outbreaks on the Continent as a proof that all monarchical and ecclesiastical institutions were menaced by the new doctrines of the age. The truth is, advocates of royalty were then often embarrassed to furnish temperate reasons for the faith that was in them. George IV., who died in June, 1830, had been a most unsatisfactory specimen of a prince; and though the accession of "Our Sailor King Billy" gave Tories a pretty good name to conjure with, yet they generally preferred to confound their opponents with taunts and jibes about the excesses of the French Revolution and other highly spiced abuse. This naturally drove the Liberals into the espousal of theories which had an uncanny sound, and the result was that all disputations on politics became odiously bitter. They had to be banished from "wines," from hall, from every place in fact where undergraduates met promiscuously — except of course the Union — and this accounts for the foundation of the *Weg* and many similar associations. Men who knew one another and thought alike more or less, banded themselves into little coteries for discussing the ques-

tions which interested them most; and such meetings became as committees in which the speeches that were to be delivered at the Union were planned and rehearsed. Thus the Union debates were no mere games as they have occasionally been in duller times since, but really important tournaments which excited a keen interest throughout the university. The attendance of members was always large, and many dons would struggle for admittance without being able to get in. The Union had not then, as now, a palatial club of its own, but held its sittings in a room behind a print-seller's shop in the High Street.

Gladstone was elected to the Union in his second term — freshmen not being eligible — and he made his first speech on the 11th of February, 1830. He was present, however, as a probationary member at the debate which took place in November, 1829, on the question as to whether Shelley was not superior to Byron. A deputation, including Arthur Hallam and Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), had been sent from the Cambridge Union to plead in Shelley's favor, and Francis Doyle (afterwards professor of poetry at Oxford) took up their cause. Henry Manning spoke on the other side, and remarked truly enough that if Shelley were better than Byron he would probably be more read than the latter, which was not the case. The Oxford Union, however, were bent upon being civil to the Cantabs, and passed their motion by a large majority; sympathy with Shelley's character and misfortunes, which were feelingly set forth by Francis Doyle, combining with the cause just mentioned to draw a vote which was hardly defensible on the merits. Perhaps it may be added that the vote was an indication that Byronicism — like æstheticism in these latter times — had been pushed to extreme lengths by a section of the Oxford youth. The devotee of sun-flowers, pale lilies and chlorotic women had his prototype, from 1820 to 1830, in the young man with turned-down collars and upturned eyeballs, who cultivated a hectic cough and professed to feel a cynical disenchantment as to all things in this world. The muscular Christian school hated this young man; and he was not more popular with philosophical reformers. It was no time to be lackadaisical or *blasé* when there were so many burning questions causing public strife and making demands upon every individual's enthusiasm and energies.

The Bishop of St. Andrews and Sir Francis Doyle, who heard Gladstone's early speeches, both say that they placed him at once in a pre-eminent position. He would start off at a gallop and keep up his pace to the end, going at counter arguments with a rush or else cleverly turning them, but never letting it be seen that he was disconcerted, unless indeed he were interrupted, when he would wheel round, so to say, and charge at the offender no matter how humble a personage he might be. Mr. Gladstone has to this day a northern "burr" in his voice which grates slightly in private conversation; but lends a melody to his articulation when heard from a distance. His voice has been compared to a church-organ, which must not be heard too close, but sounds out grandly as its strains wave into space. Before he made his maiden speech at the Union, Manning and Milnes-Gaskell were — with Wordsworth and Doyle — considered to be the best speakers there; Milnes-Gaskell was held in especial esteem. He knew more of Parliamentary history, forms, and traditions, than any other member. He was excellent at repartee; nice in his language, a careful observer of courtesies, and a most felicitous suggestor of compromises. It was thought that Gaskell would do great things in life, and he seems to have disappointed the hopes formed about him, simply from the indolence which affluence enabled him to gratify. He might have become a great man if he had not been rich. At college and after he left the university he would shut himself up for hours in his rooms, and his friends made sure that he was preparing some mighty work that would give the world the full measure of his genius; but it would turn out that he had been simply dusting the backs of his books, trifling over the newspaper, or amusing himself with the composition of *jeux d'esprit* of a sort which were much relished then and which consisted in the framing of ingenious questions with ironical stings at public men or notions of the day.

In the *Oxford University Magazine* for 1834 may be found some of these witicisms under the pleasant heading of "Nuts for Strong Teeth." A lively debater was expected to introduce some into his speeches, just as men proposing toasts at banquets were expected to wind up with a "sentiment." Here are a few samples:—

Whether any number of nothings would make something, and what multiple of Lord

John Russell would be equal to Croker or Peel? (Peel had got into favor again with the Tories by this time.)

Whether suspicion be knowledge of human nature, and whether a philosopher be wise because he is incredulous?

Here is one which may be read with interest in reference to a recent prosecution:—

Whether the would-be Miltons are not as deserving of prosecution for blasphemy as the would-be Hobbesses? or whether they may be pardoned on the ground that they are never read?

The following appears to have originated with Mr. Gladstone. He at all events introduced something similar in his speech against the Reform Bill, and the sally was greeted with loud laughter and cheering:—

Whether the Pythagorean probation of five years' initiatory silence might not be advantageously combined with popular election under the Reform Bill?

Gladstone was elected secretary to the Union in 1830 and president in the following year. It was soon after this that he attacked the Reform Bill; and he spoke with such trenchant force, such overwhelming conviction, that Lord Lincoln, transported with enthusiasm, at once wrote to his father to say that "a man had uprisen in Israel." Dr. Charles Wordsworth says of this speech that it was "better than any I heard in the House of Lords, though I followed the five days' debate in that House, and the Lords' debate was acknowledged to have been better than that in the Commons. The result of the speech was that Gladstone was invited to go and stay at Clumber during the long vacation, and the further result was that three years later he got inducted into the Duke of Newcastle's pocket borough of Newark.

Lord Lincoln's friendship for Gladstone was of the staunchest kind, and equally creditable to both. If Gladstone owed something to the Duke of Newcastle's patronage, Lord Lincoln owed a great deal more to his friend — as he ever generously confessed — for the lessons in good conduct which he derived from him. There was a very fast set at Christ Church, of which the Marquis of Waterford was the guiding spirit, and wealthy young noblemen were under strong temptations to join that set. Late supper-parties, gambling, and nocturnal expeditions to screw up the doors of dons or to break the fur-

niture in hard-reading men's rooms, were among the least of the freaks in which gay young "Tufts" indulged; and it required some moral courage even to condemn their follies by word too openly. A midnight bath in Mercury—that is, the fountain in the midst of Tom Quad—was often the penalty which outspoken critics were made to pay, for the Tufts administered a retributory justice of their own much after the fashion of the Mohawks. But they never dared touch Gladstone, although he did not scruple to give them his mind about the worst of their pranks; and many well-disposed youngsters like Lord Lincoln instinctively rallied to the strong young fellow who knew not what fear was, and who, notwithstanding that he was so reasonable and steady, took such pleasure in healthy amusements and cheerful society.

For it must not be supposed that Gladstone was ascetically inclined. He was one of the most hospitable men at Christ Church, which is saying a good deal. As his father supplied him with a handsome allowance, he was enabled to give frequent breakfast parties and "wines;" but at "wines" then, as now, very little wine was drunk, and after his guests had dispersed, Gladstone was always already to apply himself to a few hours of vigorous reading. One must use the word "vigor" in this connection because Gladstone never dawdled over his books. He set himself a task and toiled until he had finished it—though one of his rules was never to infringe on the seven hours which he allotted for sleep. The men who wreck their healths by hard reading are those who sit up half through the night with pots of strong tea at their elbows and wet towels round their heads. Gladstone worked regularly and never had to put himself on the *ager* list, or to lie late a-bed in the morning snatching fitful eye-fuls of sleep.

He was a pretty regular attendant at morning "chapel" in the cathedral, but the practice as to chapel-going was looser in those times than it became afterwards, and once it did happen that having somehow missed several "chapels" in succession, Gladstone was ordered by the censor to write out a hundred lines. Now the censor would probably not have inflicted this punishment task if he had thought that Gladstone would write the lines himself. It was a tolerated custom that lines should be bought of the scouts at the rate of half a crown per hundred, so that the punishment was another way of fining a

man two-and-sixpence. The actual writers of the lines were generally servitors, who did them—one is almost ashamed to say—for a shilling the hundred, thus leaving the scout, or middle man, a profit of one hundred and fifty per cent. on the transaction. Gladstone's scout, hearing of his little trouble, brought him a *pæna*, as a matter of course, and was much surprised when the student answered: "It will do me no harm to write the hundred lines." Having said which, he wrote them, and in his best hand too. The incident deserves to be mentioned, because it provoked some controversy at the House. The implication that it was dishonest to buy a *pæna* instead of writing it, was scouted by young gentlemen who were freer with their half-crowns than with their penmanship, and it seems that the morality which prevailed in this respect half a century ago is that which still subsists in these our times.

It may be noted in passing, that as a student of Christ Church, Gladstone had to take his turn at reading the lessons in the cathedral, and the Latin grace in hall. His present custom of reading the lessons in his son's church when he is staying at Hawarden, is therefore but a continuance of an old duty, which habit had rendered agreeable.

To return to the Union. The Reform debates there served to introduce a new and forcible speaker in the person of Robert Lowe, of University. I am indebted to Sir Francis Doyle for an amusing story about the *début* of this courageous politician, who, perhaps, at one time, had he laid to heart the maxim that more flies are caught with honey than with vinegar, might have become a leader in Parliament. Doyle—who was rather short-sighted—had noticed that an elderly gentleman with white hair was given to attending the Union debates, and gesticulating a good deal when strong Tory sentiments were uttered. One evening he—Doyle—speaking about the much-reviled Whig ministry as a "worthless crew," up jumped the elderly man, and in a strident voice exclaimed: "I accept that word 'crew,' and I can tell the honorable member this, that with Lord Grey for stroke, and Brougham for steerer, and with all the people of England cheering upon the banks, it will be a winning crew!"

The "elderly man" was Robert Lowe, whose hair and bushy eyebrows were white as wool. He became one of the popular speakers at the Union, but his

style was caustic and his manner not exactly genial—which defects or qualities, according as we may please to call them, were not discarded with youth. How much Mr. Lowe lost from never subduing himself to return gracious answers to civil questions in Parliament or elsewhere, can not be ascertained; but it is certain that his talents and honesty might have been thought to insure him against premature political extinction. When Mr. Gladstone's present administration was formed and the member for London University, being left out, consented to accept a peerage, most men marvelled; and one day at Brookes's some politicians who were not in the secrets of the gods, asked what could be the use of a coronet to a man who had no son, and who, if he had remained in the House of Commons, could have wielded so much power?

Somebody who knew Lord Sherbrooke well, answered: "Lowe's acceptance of a peerage is one of the most public-spirited acts of the many which he has performed," and he then reminded his hearers of Townshend's chivalrous behavior towards Walpole. Charles, Viscount Townshend, was secretary of state in the early years of Sir Robert Walpole's long administration. "Now," as Macaulay says, "Walpole was resolved that the firm should be 'Walpole and Townshend,' not 'Townshend and Walpole.'" There was ill-feeling between the pair till at last they proceeded to personal abuse before a large company, seized each other by the collar and grasped their swords. The friends parted them and the scandal of a duel between relatives, old friends and old colleagues, was prevented; but the disputants could no longer continue to act together. Townshend retired, and with rare moderation and public spirit refused to take any part in politics. He could not, he said, trust his temper. He feared that the recollection of his wrongs might impel him to follow the example of Pulteney, and to oppose measures which he knew to be generally beneficial to the country.

It is not asserted that Mr. Lowe and Mr. Gladstone ever exchanged words before company or seized each other by the collar; but it appears probable that Mr. Lowe could not trust himself to sit below the gangway, and still less on the back benches whilst a Liberal ministry was in power, and consequently his consenting to be shipped to that bourne whence no travellers return to vex the occupants of the Treasury bench, was beyond doubt a

most generous act—and the more admirable from the signal modesty with which it was accomplished.

Turning from the politics and hard reading of Mr. Gladstone's Oxford life, to its spiritual influences, one finds that the leader of the *Weg* was regarded as the most religious man of his set. The members of this association found it easier to agree about politics than about ecclesiastical polity, and some of them grew uncomfortable if it was hinted in their presence that to be "a good Churchman" a man must be ready to do something more than support the Church with all its then existing anomalies and abuses. The Tractarian movement had not yet set in, and the soreness produced in many minds by the question of Catholic emancipation was still too fresh to allow of a general onward march of Churchmen towards "High" principles. The expression "inquiring after truth," got to be used till it passed almost into a cant phrase to designate a state of mind that was earnest and yet averse from controversy. It was understood that an "inquirer after truth" need not make any positive profession of faith, and might attend the churches and chapels of all Christian sects; and really this was so convenient that one is surprised that no regular sect of "Inquirists" should have arisen.

Gladstone was an "inquirer," in that he went everywhere. He attended Burton's lectures on divinity, which were always delivered before crowded audiences, and Pusey's on Hebrew. He went many times to hear Rowland Hill and Chalmers in their respective chapels, and braved the risk of rustication by so doing. It was held to be a most heinous offence for any undergraduate to enter a Dissenting place of worship, and Dr. Gaisford, the new dean of Christ Church who succeeded Dr. Smith in 1831, was not the man to overlook such a misdemeanor had it been brought before him in an official way. "I have my doubts about the Thirty-Nine Articles, sir," said a too conscientious Christ Church man to him on the eve of taking his degree. The dean looked at the troubled one in a hard, sardonic way: "How much do you weigh, sir?" "About ten stone, I should think, sir," was the astonished answer. "And how tall are you to half an inch?" "I really don't know to half an inch." "And how old are you to an hour?" The dubious one was speechless. "Well, you are in doubt about everything that relates to yourself," cried the dean triumphantly, "and yet you

walk about saying: I am twenty years old, I weigh ten stone, and am five feet eight inches high. Go sign the articles: it will be a long time before you find anything that suggests no doubts."

Dean Gaisford used to throw all the letters that came to him by post into a basket, and open the lot once a month—just as Prince Talleyrand is said to have done. In this way he said that he had to write fewer answers, as most of the business to which the letters referred would settle itself without his interference. One of his hobbies was about the unity of the *Miad*; he could not bear to hear it said that any of the rhapsodies had been intercalated; but he gave to Bacon the credit for most of the plays attributed to Shakespeare, and cried "Pooh pooh!" to the notion that "Julius Cæsar" could have been written by a strolling prayer. Mr. Gladstone is more consistent in bestowing his full faith on Homer and Shakespeare alike. It was very grievous to him when Mr. Lowe expressed his scepticism as to Troy having ever existed.

The university sermons, preached generally at St. Mary's on Sunday afternoons during term, have always been attractive, both to undergraduates who were in quest of sound doctrine, and to those who had simply a taste for pulpit eloquence. Gladstone went to them regularly, and used to whip up as many friends as he could to accompany him; but one summer afternoon the heat, or the prosiness of the preacher, or the inordinate length of the bidding-prayer, with its references to the forty-seven university benefactors, from Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, downwards, sent him to sleep. He had brought Doyle with him; and from that time, whenever he pressed the latter to come and hear the sermon, Doyle would reply with a jest that was not always welcome, "Thank you, I can sleep as well in my own chair." Dean Gaisford was intent in advising everybody he knew—dons, undergraduates, and even ladies—to hear the university sermon "at least three times," but this for a peculiar reason. He used to say that he had never yet met anybody who was not in favor of shortening the Liturgy. "Well, go to St. Mary's," he would exclaim, "you'll get what you want—one long prayer and a long sermon. If you think you'll spend less time in church because you diminish the number of prayers, you don't know what preachers are." This may be matched by a dry remark of the late Dr. Whewell, master of Trinity, Cambridge,

to a country clergyman (a bachelor), who told him that he was going to "condense" the service: "I suppose some young ladies have been assuring you that your sermons are too short?"

We come to the Michaelmas term of 1831 when Gladstone was going to pass the examination for his degree. Moderations were not instituted until 1852; so that under the old system an undergraduate's scholarship was never subjected to any preliminary tests, save at the terminal collections or college examinations. But these were insignificant, because if a man did badly in them he incurred nothing worse than a mild reproof from his tutor. The consequence of all this was that men were generally seized with a panic in the last term before their examination. This may be the case still to a certain extent, because so much of a man's prosperity in life may depend on his university honors, that the dread of failure is enough to unstring ordinary nerves. But in Mr. Gladstone's time the terrors of examination came from the feeling that success or the reverse would be a matter of chance. The best scholars could not command success: they could only deserve it. They went up as men for a race imperfectly trained, having had no means of accurately ascertaining what were their strong or weak points. They knew more than enough of some things and not sufficient of others. Then first-class honors were very sparingly bestowed—the average number of first-class men being about seven, reckoning the statistics of a dozen examinations together. In the classical schools men had to take up Aristotle's "Moral Philosophy," Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Tacitus, Virgil, Horace and Juvenal.

There was never much doubt that Gladstone would take his first class in classics. He himself felt pretty confident about it; and he succeeded easily though only five were placed in the first class that term. One of his examiners was Mr. R. D. Hampden, afterwards Bishop of Hereford, and one of his colleagues in the first class was Henry Denison of Christ Church, who became Bishop of Salisbury. Denison, like Gladstone, took a first class in mathematics also.

This last honor was a most important addition to the other; it had been earnestly coveted and yet almost despaired of. Gladstone had been obliged to study optics, hydrostatics, spherical trigonometry, something of astronomy, and it is a wonder how he managed to do it all, even

by working so regularly as he did. It must be remembered the two examinations in classics and mathematics had to be passed in the same term. For all this the taking of a double first was not a very rare achievement, seeing that it had been performed more than twenty times since 1807, when class lists in the two schools were first issued. The name which heads the list of double first class men is that of Sir Robert Peel.

It was perhaps because so many others had succeeded that Gladstone felt nervous lest he should not be able to do like them. On the day after his examination was ended he went to Cambridge on a visit to his tutor Wordsworth (whose father was then master of Trinity), to whom he felt much indebted for his success in the classical school. Wordsworth's strong point was composition, and through his skilful tutoring Gladstone had nearly won the Ireland Scholarship in the spring of 1831. He was placed second.

Wordsworth was equally successful with his other brilliant pupil, Manning, who took a first class in 1830. The career of the cardinal has remained to this day a wonder to the Scotch bishop, for Wordsworth and Manning were schoolfellows at Harrow, and the former had always thought the latter more clever than thoughtful. At Harrow Manning was not diligent except at cricket. He played in the eleven against Eton in 1825, on which occasion Harry Dupuis (the Rev.), now vice-provost of Eton, was one of the light-blue team. The Eton captain was Charles Chapman, afterwards vicar of Prescott, Lancashire, whose name is memorable from his having remained at the school longer than any other boy before or since—that is, over twelve years. He figured in thirty-seven terminal school-tests.

Soon after the match against Eton the future bishop, as captain of the Harrow eleven, sent the future cardinal a bat; and received in return a copy of verses, as to which Dr. Wordsworth remarks with demure sarcasm that they "foreshadow a mind capable of making strong statements on insufficient evidence;" e.g.:—

The bat which you were kind enough to send
Seems (for as yet I have not tried it) good;
And if there's anything on earth can mend
My wretched play, it is that piece of wood.

Gladstone had gone home for Christmas when a letter from Oxford brought him the news that he had won a first class in mathematics, and thus gloriously fin-

ished his college life. It was an odd mathematical class list that term. Five names figure in the 1st, one in the 2nd, and none at all in the 3rd. In the classical list, on the contrary, there had been forty-seven names—among them those of J. F. Maurice and Robert Phillimore, who were in the 2nd, and Sydney Herbert in the 4th.

That Gladstone's university honors helped mightily to give him prestige at his political start in life cannot be doubted. The world lies at the feet of first-class men. None the less is Mr. Gladstone's whole career remarkable from having fulfilled in every particular the most sanguine hopes of himself, and the most enthusiastic expectations of his friends. At Eton and at Oxford it was prophesied by those who marked his ways that he could not but thrive; and he has thriven wondrous well. It may be allowable to add that wherever he has passed, the memory of his inspiring example endures. No man could better deserve the description, *tenax propositi*, and no man has so variously illustrated what good things are to be got by tenacity.

JAMES BRINSLEY-RICHARDS.

From The Spectator.

WILLS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

ONE of our contemporaries entertains, or it may be tantalizes us, with a weekly account of how testators whose wills have been recently proved have distributed their property. Beyond the evidence of a widely distributed wealth which these notices supply, on which we have furnished statistics before and shall furnish them again, and the satisfaction of a certain curiosity about other people's affairs which few of us are too philosophical not to feel, these accounts have little novelty or interest. Testators seem very seldom to look beyond their own family or kindred. The only noticeable exception is to be found in bequests to charities; and these bear but a small, and, we are inclined to think, a decreasing proportion to the total of the wealth devised. One would think that so cheap and easy a form of liberality would commend itself to people who do not give away in their lifetime—and these, it must be remembered, constitute a large majority of the wealthy—but this does not seem to be the case. The motive of personal advantage which suggested the vast religious bequests of

earlier days is absent, and there is nothing to disturb the feeling of the absolute right to property which seems, notwithstanding the development in an opposite direction of Socialist thought, to grow continually stronger in modern life. The average Englishman stares at you with unmixed amazement, if you tell him that the privilege of making a will is a concession, and a revocable concession, from the State to the individual. He is quite unable to realize the idea of his being bound by any duty outside the ties of family attention in distributing it. It is, he feels, absolutely his own, and when he ceases to be able to keep it himself, he shows his ownership by leaving it to those who are nearest to him. This may account for the really curious rarity of bequests outside the circle of kindred. Legacies suggested by feelings of friendship, by admiration of political services, or appreciation of literary excellence, all of them more or less common at other times, are now rare exceptions to the general rule. An admirer, indeed, of Lord Beaconsfield bequeathed to him a considerable sum, on the condition that she should have a niche in his family vault, and two or three other eminent personages in our time have received similar gifts; but the sentiment or the imagination of wealthy testators is now very seldom capable of such efforts.

If we go back to mediæval or to classical times, we shall find ourselves in the presence of a widely different state of feeling. A curious volume* just edited for the Early English Text Society, by Mr. F. J. Furnivall, shows us the passion for religious and charitable bequests apparently at its height. The wills published are not selected for any peculiarity in their contents, but because they are the earliest that are written wholly or partially in English. They tell us much of great interest relating to domestic life at the time (they take in about fifty years from 1387), but the characteristics that predominate in all, with but few exceptions, is the subjection of the family feeling to the absorbing interest in the future welfare of the soul. The earliest of them all (that of John Corn, in 1387) says: "I bequeath my goods in two parts, that is for to say, *half to me*." John Corn reminds us of the miser who, having been with difficulty persuaded to make a will, left his property to himself. His mean-

ing, of course, was that it should be spent in masses for his soul, and in bespeaking the prayers of religious persons and of the poor generally on his behalf. John Pynchin, in 1392, leaves nothing to his family or to his friends, but provides that "when men may espy any poor man of religion, whether monk, canon, or friar," such poor man is to have six-and-eightpence. Lady Alice West, in 1395, after giving her best beds and second-best beds to her daughters and daughter-in-law, proceeds to develop an elaborate scheme for the benefit of the souls of Sir Thomas West, of her relatives, and of all Christian folk. Besides a sum of 14*l.* 10*s.* (equivalent to about £160 of our money) for forty-four hundred masses, there are nearly twenty bequests of one hundred shillings to various religious bodies, such as "the Menouresses dwelling without Aldgate," "the Friars of Newgate," "the Friars of Ludgate," for the same purpose. A bailiff or reeve and sundry old servants are not forgotten, but they are of far less account than the dispensers of purgatorial relief. It is characteristic of the prevailing feeling of the time that only one secular priest is found among the recipients of Lady Alice's bounty, — the vicar of Newton Valance is to have forty shillings. This noble lady, however, seems to have had the territorial instinct, and does not alienate her lands. We find other testators more thorough in their devotion to the same object. Thomas Walwayne leaves the third of the value of his land to go to the building of the steeple of Marcle Church, and after providing for the immediate saying of a thousand masses, leaves land for the founding of a chantry, "where a priest is to sing continually." John Chelmeswyk goes far beyond this. After many smaller bequests for spiritual purposes, he gives £70 to two priests to sing for seven years for his soul. His manors of Hay and Tasley are to be sold for the same purpose, and if he die childless, his manor of Haverton is to be similarly disposed of. Here a secular priest, the parson of Tasley, comes in for nothing but the friendly gift of some bedding. Richard Bokeland, in 1436, provides for a *million* masses at fourpence each (a more liberal payment than Lady Alice West's, forty years before). William Newland makes provision for pilgrimage to be made for his spiritual benefit. His executors are to find a man who will go to Jerusalem for fifty marks (something about £300 of our money). Another is to go to Canterbury *barefoot*

* The Fifty Earliest English Wills. Edited by F. J. Furnivall. (The Early English Text Society.)

for ten shillings, and a third to the shrine of St. James of Compostella for £5. Another common characteristic of these wills, one of which, by the way, we may find traces in the provision of modern testators, is the jealousy shown of wives. In one, it is provided that the widow, as a condition of holding the manors bequeathed to her, was to make a solemn vow of chastity, in the presence of the bishop and the congregation.

Circumstances change, again, entirely when we get back to the testamentary dispositions of Roman times. We find, indeed, that property was extensively burdened for religious purposes, so much so, that an inheritance free from these troublesome and onerous obligations—*sine sacris hereditas*—became a proverbial phrase for exceptional good-fortune; but these burdens were rather provisions of immemorial age for the performance of the worship peculiar to a family than recent bequests. But a distinguishing characteristic of the wills belonging to the period which literature has made familiar to us is the wide range taken by the testator's bounty. That the emperor was frequently made a legatee was doubtless due in part to the necessities of the time. "It is only a bad emperor," says Tacitus, "whom a good father would make his heir." But other motives are extensively recognized. Legacy-hunting became a regular profession, on which satirists were never tired of expending their wit. Of course, this was partly due to the childlessness then so commonly found in the wealthy class. But it was certainly developed by the prevailing custom of looking beyond the family circle in dealing with property. It was evidently the custom, perhaps we might say, the fashion, for a wealthy Roman to divide a considerable part of his property among his friends. Nor did he always wait till he could no longer enjoy it himself. We find Pliny, for instance, making up the property of one friend to the qualification of an *equus*, and giving a marriage portion to the daughter of another. But legacies of this kind were of continual occurrence. Nor was it only friends who were thus favored. Literary excellence was evidently considered to be a claim. One of Pliny's letters is curiously significant upon this matter. He is writing to Tacitus, and has been flattering himself that they are pretty nearly on a level. "Whenever there is any talk on literary matters, we are named together. . . . And you must have noticed in wills the following fact. Un-

less it so happens that a man is on very friendly terms with either of us, we receive the same legacies, and from the same quarters." We do not suppose that Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning among poets, or Mr. Payne and Mr. Besant among novelists, could exchange a similar experience. Roman testators were not free, as we have grounds for knowing, from selfishness and caprice, but in this respect they certainly showed a larger and more liberal sense of duty than the wealthy now seem able to attain.

From The Globe.

HOW THE EGYPTIAN LAND TAX IS PAID.

IN Turkey proper and the provinces directly subject to the jurisdiction of the Porte, the land tax is still universally collected in kind. It is farmed out to the highest bidder, after the custom which has obtained in all Oriental countries from the earliest times—a system, be it said, which is most embarrassing to the minister of finance and most oppressive in its operation towards the peasant proprietor or crown tenant. The former can never reckon in advance on what the land revenue of any year will produce, for every year the tithe fetches a different price at the annual sales at Stamboul; while the latter is often mulcted in a fifth instead of a tenth at the arbitrary valuation of the *saraff*, the difference going into this unscrupulous official's pocket. The taxpayer has virtually no redress, a compliance with his petty tyrant's demands being his only chance of saving what is left to him of his crops, which would otherwise be exposed indefinitely to the accidents of weather until the valuation was satisfied. The alarming decrease of the land under cultivation in Syria is mostly owing to the operations of this iniquitous system of collecting the land tax. Under the pretence of levying a rate of twelve per cent. on the gross produce of the land a tax has been for years extorted which left the farmer no possibility of gain at all, and consequently no encouragement to continue the business of agriculture. In Egypt formerly, as in other parts of the Ottoman Empire, the fellahs were compelled to sell their produce to the government officials, who subtracted, before payment, the amount they claimed in taxation. But, even before Ismail's time, the government began to substitute money payments; and now, all

over the country, it is the rule rather than the exception for the *miri* and *oushur*, levied respectively on the *haradji* and *oushurih* lands, to be paid in Egyptian piastres. For all that, the fellah is anything but safe from imposition. The Copt tax-gatherer, being of the old stock, enjoys a monopoly of the "wisdom" the Egyptians are now blessed with; and he sets to work with a perfect understanding of the national proverb that "however close you skin an onion, a clever man can always peel it again." He is usually government registrar as well as collector; and the power of fixing the rate to be levied affords him an ample scope for imposition. Starting with the knowledge that the fellah makes it a point of honor not to pay his *miri* or land tax if he can in any way baffle the *saraff*, it may be easily conceived that its collection is not an easy matter. Indeed, however delicately this unpleasant duty may be performed in lower Egypt, which is more under the influence or dread of European opinion, it is pretty certain that in the upper Nile districts it would be often a very hard affair to maintain the balance between revenue and expenditure without that magician's wand, *kurbag*—the whip of hippopotamus hide, judiciously applied to the soles of the feet of the recalcitrant fellah. In a village of the Saeed, or upper Egypt, the mode of procedure is something in this wise. The Cairo authorities have sent their rescript to the *mudir*, or head of a *mudiriah* or province, instructing him to get in the land tax (which is pretty sure to be in arrears) with all possible expedition. The *mudir* sends on the order to the various *mamours*, or little local governors, of his *mudiriah*, and the *mamour*, in his turn, despatches his *cavass* for the Sheykh el Beled, the sheykh or paternal head of the village community. This worthy is admonished sharply to see that his brother fellaheen pay their *miri* without more ado. He leaves the great man's presence with a promise on his lips, but his heart in his slippers, and goes from mud hut to mud hut with the *saraff* levying contributions. Devoutly will he bless Allah if even with the help of the "stick" he succeeds in collecting the proper quota. If he fails, the village "lock-up" is his due. In Ismail's time the village prisons were full of Sheykhs el Beled, whose villages could not or would not pay their taxes. If the fellah's power of resistance should be overcome, and he really has no piastres sewn up in the

lining of his blue cotton petticoat, he betakes himself as a matter of course to the little Greek merchant in the nearest town—Kooos or Kench, Assiout or Assouan, as the case may be—and asks for "a trifling advance." It is his dealings with this unscrupulous money-lending fraternity that have brought him to his present almost hopeless pass. And he is still deeply in their debt. He had practically no other resources but to bargain away his birth-right for "something down" when the *miri* on a *feddar* or acre was as much as four hundred piastres. When he was thoroughly driven into a corner by the *corvels* and murrains of 1867–70 the Greek usurers would only open their purse-strings at the rate of something like thirty per cent. per month. Now they will grant advances at six and even four per cent. per month. But they are very careful first to investigate their security, and will seldom lend at all until they have the guarantee of the Sheykh el Beled or village cadi, as to the borrower's respectability. A government register is kept of all such loans, so that the property cannot be alienated until the debt is paid. Sharks though they be, the short-sighted fellah would rather go to these Greek usurers than to such acknowledged lending establishments as the Credit Foncier or the Bank of Egypt, on the ground that they give him more time. In other words, they will go on "renewing" so long as the security of the farm is sufficient to cover principal and interest; whereas the Cairo Bank refuses advances after one or more failures to pay the interest on the original loan. But a scheme is now under the consideration of the government whereby not only the chief lending establishment of Cairo—the Credit Foncier—but also the borrowing habits of the fellaheen shall be brought under the direct control of the Egyptian finance minister. The proposal has naturally proceeded from the Credit Foncier itself, which is of course anxious that the lending business of the country should be attracted to its establishment, provided that the government give them something like a guarantee for their advances. The scheme, as at present foreshadowed, aims at fixing a maximum rate of interest to be charged for loans to the fellaheen, who, it is argued, could borrow with increased assurance and on comparatively easy terms of repayment from a bank under government supervision. The idea is said to meet with Lord Dufferin's approval; and, undoubt-

edly, any regulation which can be enforced to keep down the rate of interest to a reasonable level will be an incalculable boon to the fellaheen.

From The Academy.
TREASURE TROVE AT THE CAPE.

A CURIOUS and interesting piece of news, which reads like a page from Mr. Charles Reade's "Foul Play," has been communicated to a correspondent in a private letter from the Cape.

It appears that Col. H. G. Robley, who is now stationed at Cape Town, read not long since in the history of that place how a Dutch galliot, on her way from Batavia, anchored in Table Bay in May, 1648. On the 16th of that month, being driven ashore by a furious north-west gale, she sank off the mouth of Salt River. The crew built a few huts and supported themselves as they could till they were taken off in 1649 by a Dutch fleet homeward bound. The spot was reported as a suitable locality for stores, gardens, and the like, whereupon the Dutch East India Company fitted out an expedition consisting of three ships under the command of Van Rubeck, who landed in April, 1652, founded the present colony, and became its first governor. Being interested in the narrative of the early disaster, Colonel Robley learned that the whereabouts of the old galliot were perfectly well known. Embedded deep in sand, she still lay on the bar at the mouth of the river. Not

long since, however, a cutting was driven through this sand-bar in order to convey water to the docks. The cutting brought about a change in the tide-levels, and disclosed the position of the wreck below. In 1856 one Mr. Adams, a diver, went down, and succeeded in recovering two brass six-pounder guns, some bars of silver, a large number of coins, and a quantity of rare china. Mr. Adams, however, died, and the search was never resumed until the other day, when Colonel Robley — who had gone out, after a heavy storm, to examine the spot, and actually saw the deck of the galliot under the sea — took steps to renew the operations. Having obtained a government concession, he is now, by the help of a professional diver, working the wreck "on salvage." The name of the old ship was the "Harleem," and she was laden with cases full of curiosities and antiquities for sale to European museums. These cases, judging from the contents of those which Mr. Adams recovered in 1856, contained gods, rare china, old glass, bales of Oriental silks, etc. Colonel Robley has bought from the family of the deceased Mr. Adams some valuable vases, coins, and the like, and hopes to be rewarded by the discovery of a large number of similar treasures. The china is not at all injured by having been two hundred and thirty-five years under the sea; but the silver articles have suffered considerably, and the silks must of course be spoiled. Colonel Robley is overwhelmed with applications from persons eager to take shares in his interesting enterprise.

THE RISE AND FALL OF AN OIL CITY.—The *Philadelphia Times* calls attention to the curious history of the average oil region city, taking Pithole, in Venango County, as an illustration. "Twenty years ago," it says, "the site of Pithole was covered with wheat-fields, and to-day waving corn and wheat and wild flowers cover the same spot. But between that day and this there arose and fell one of the most remarkable cities the world has ever seen. Twenty thousand people gathered there in a single year, and when the great oil-wells failed to pour out a torrent of wealth, the gaudy theatres closed, the mammoth hotels became tenantless and the churches lost their worshippers. Banks, newspapers, stores, and offices ceased to exist almost as suddenly as they were called into being, and the life and light

of the famous city went out forever. To-day there is one voter in Pithole, and the town may be said to be solid for Beaver, for the lone voter is postmaster, justice of the peace, store-keeper, and chief man of the place. It may also be said that there is but one other man in the neighborhood, and he does not vote. There are dozens of villages in the old oil country that exist only in the memories of men who saw their birth and death. The new wells in Warren County are strangely like the wells of Pithole, and the rush to the new town of Garfield bears an almost fateful resemblance to the craze which was the guiding spirit of the wonderful city in Venango. The ultimate results may not be the same, but if not, then the rule and the law of all petroleum cities will be broken for the first time.